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THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance

OF

FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE DANGER OF CHARLES THE RASH.

Godfrey de Varenas, left alone with his dim taper beneath the aperture caused by the displaced flooring, remained during several moments without moving from his position; being profoundly absorbed, indeed, in listening to the broken sounds of conversation which reached his ears through the single obstruction of the closet-door. The colloquists in the "best room" talked mainly in low tones, but occasionally a strong, impatient voice rose far above the rest, apparently dictating or commanding some line of action. De Varenas, holding his taper low, and at the same time grasping his sword-hilt, to be ready for defence if necessary, raised himself upon the stone steps, until he came almost in contact with the panels which separated them from the room above. By placing his ear close to the wood, he could distinguish much that was said; and it was, as may be guessed, in order thus to overhear the projects of the Burgundian chief, and remember them carefully for the future use of his master Louis XI., that the French noble had dismissed the page Alphonse, and chosen to remain in the gloomy passage alone.

What scheme of warlike operations or diplomatic strategy was by this means unfolded to the apprehension of De Varenas, it matters not now to consider; but that the eavesdropper heard matter of interest was evident from the perturbation with which he kept his foot, stooping un- easily, and straining his ears to catch each syllable uttered within. Hours indeed thus passed, until, one by one, the Burgundian lords retired or were dismissed from their Prince's presence, and at length Charles le Téméraire remained alone in his chamber: a fact that soon became apparent to the listener, partly by the deep silence that ensued, and afterwards by the sound of heavy respiration, denoting unmistakably that a weary Duke could snore like a weary ploughman.

De Varenas, bending half-double in the gloomy recess which he occupied, was yet wakeful with active thought. He had fathomed enough of the designs of Charles the Rash, through the conversation heard, to feel that the tidings would be right welcome to his French master, who, above all other qualities in a follower, regarded the possession of cunning and strategic powers. But he reflected likewise that, at this very moment, the Burgundian Prince was sleeping, in fancied security, within reach almost of a foe's arm, a narrow door being the only barrier between. Dared he, Godfrey de Varenas, but open noiselessly that secret door, advance stealthily to the Burgundian's couch, and strike boldly downward with the dagger that he wore in his belt, Louis XI. would be at once relieved of a rebellious subject and a ruinous war; Burgundy and Flanders would succumb to French dominion—the turbulent allies of Charles would disperse, and acknowledge Louis as their sovereign; in a word—by a single blow—the French King would be firmly seated upon his throne, and Godfrey de Varenas might name his own reward.

Such thoughts as these thronged simultaneously in the old noble's brain, as he listened to the difficult breathing of the sleeper within; and with each impulse of reflection came dark temptations to action. De Varenas was no coisist, weighing right and wrong in the balance; but one who, accustomed to violence and bloodshed, and who, in the pursuit of power, had learned only in that school of policy which is secured by the success of its schemes. He had served other chiefs than Louis XI.; had battled under banners opposed to the influence of France; for in the changing aspects of politics in that stormy period, alliances and fealties were alternately opposing and uniting with one another; so that the follower of Armagnac in one campaign, might be the supporter of Burgundy in the next; the ally of the crown-princes of to-day might be the adherents of the King to-morrow. The great houses of Armagnac and Burgundy might contend at one season for the supremacy of Paris, and at another be found legged against the royalty of France. Thus it was that Godfrey de Varenas had been at one time the stipendiary of Charles VII., the father of the Dauphin Louis, at another had aided his rebellious son in the conspiracy of the Praguerie; again to become reconciled to his sovereign, and finally to be one of the first who welcomed the Dauphin's accession to the throne of France. But in spite of campaigning and diplomacy, the noble lord had as yet failed to win for himself such goodly station as Louis XI. had freely bestowed upon the Counts de St. Pol and Dammartin, and many inferior lords who had served their monarch with less good will than they had served themselves. But now here within his grasp—thus pondered Godfrey de Varenas—were honor and rewards to be the prize of skill and daring. The fiercest and most dangerous enemy of his master King Louis lay slumbering and defenceless. It was but to open the secret door, strike heavily, and with sure hand, and then retreat undiscovered to the vaults once more. What would not crafty Louis give for the daring deed which should place him firmly on the throne of France?

Godfrey de Varenas dwelt not in his calculations on the blackness of the crime; for the politics of the day—of which Louis XI. was fitting exponent—weighed but the chances of success; and to compass the ruin of an opposing house, assassination was not the most unfrequent method of proceeding. The vassal of Louis XI. knew that his unscrupulous master would applaud the deed he meditated, and reward the daring hand which should execute it. It was enough for De Varenas to know this, and to resolve that now, if ever, was his opportunity to win the monarch's favor by a single action. He pondered, therefore, no longer; but drawing his dagger from its belt, cautiously essayed to open the paneled door by a pressure of the spring that he observed beneath. But it was the knob which had refused to yield to the previous effort of Alphonse, and still remained immovable. De Varenas then passed his fingers carefully over the space apparently filled by the panels, and presently succeeded in detecting the true spring, or rather clamp, which stayed the door from opening. Unfixing the hold of this clamp, he was enabled to push outward the oak framework, and the next moment cautiously protruding his head, he glanced around the apartment.

A bright light burned upon the table, on which also were wine and fragments of meat, with several piles of paper, despatches and orders of the Duke. A heavy sword lay upon the papers, the weapon of Charles himself, who had cast it there before flinging himself on a clump of cushions, spread upon the rushes that strewed the floor. The Duke lay upon his back, with one arm thrown across his broad chest, which was undefended by breastplate, though the chief-tain still wore partial armor on his lower limbs. His helmet, shirt of mail, and mantle of outer hauberk, and bore upon its shoulder the Burgundian cross, lay upon chairs near the rude couch. De Varenas marked these circumstances at a glance, and then advanced to his murderous object, clutching his weapon with closer tenacity in his right hand, whilst the other retained the taper which was to facilitate his retreat into the vaults. The French noble's vindictive features were now lit up with more fiendish malevolence. The cold cruelty of the look with which he was accustomed to freeze his suffering daughter was now exchanged for the fierce glare of the resolute assassin. Of a surety it seemed that Charles le Téméraire sleeping in the midst of a thousand faithful guards, was yet to be done to death by the blow of a midnight murderer. Another moment, and Godfrey de Varenas bent over the slumberer, and raised his arm to measure with sure aim the stroke that was to crush the House of Burgundy.

But the career of Charles the Rash was not yet to terminate; his fate was reserved to another day and other hands; for, even as De Varenas, in the tense excitement of his daring resolve, uplifted the dagger in his right hand, his left, which held the taper, unconsciously relaxed its hold, and the burning oil fell amid the rushes. In an instant the dry rushes ignited, suddenly blazed up like gunpowder; and the fierce glare flashed full upon the face of Charles, causing him to awake and leap wildly from the cushions. Godfrey de Varenas saw that all was lost, and flung himself toward the secret closet, while the Duke, bewildered by the flame and smoke, burst open the door of the apartment, and shouting loudly to his attendants, rushed to the outer passage. A dozen voices answered to that of the chief, and cries of surprise and alarm followed in quick succession through the hostelry.

De Varenas reached the open panel of the closet, but to his dismay the aperture, with its stone steps beneath, was no longer to be seen; the flooring had been closed by the same machinery which caused the door to move upon its hinges. The assassin must remain to perish in the burning room, or brave the danger of retreat through the ranks of his enemies without. Had he hesitated a moment ere adopting the latter alternative, De Varenas had been lost assuredly; but he dashed forward at once through the door by which Charles himself had escaped, and in a moment more found himself in the midst of a crowd of knights and soldiery, who aroused in the upper chambers of the inn by the appalling cry of "fire," were hurriedly descending the staircase, seeking immediate safety by flight to the open air. Barbedead like himself, and half-arranged, the throng observed not that a stranger mingled with it, and thus borne outward with the press, De Varenas sped himself found himself beyond the hostelry walls in the midst of a tumultuous crowd of archers and men-at-arms, rushing from every direction toward the flames, which now appeared burning through the window of the "best room," and spreading devouringly on either side. The Frenchman contented himself with a single glance in which Charles of Burgundy, as he sprang to a steed in the midst of his nobles, was not the least object of interest; then, mindful of his own jeopardy, he fled toward the forest border, and soon found himself beyond the sights and sounds which encompassed the "Blue Boar."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERIL AND DELIVERANCE.

In the terror and tumult which followed the breaking out of the fire in the "Blue Boar," Simon Gitt, the serving-man of Pierre Bart, had turned his immediate attention to releasing the scores of horses belonging to the Burgundian cavaliers, that were tethered in the stables and out-houses of the hostelry. Totally unconscious of the terrible suspicions which attached to his master, whom he knew to have gone to the mill, he deemed the configuration to be simply the result of some untoward accident, and therefore at once exerted himself, as becomed a faithful servant, in the endeavor to lessen the evil as far as was in his power. Unheeding, indeed, as to his duty, he plunged into shed and stall, loosening speedily the halters which confined the steeds, and casting such accoutrements over them as were in reach of his hands, until happily all were delivered from the danger which threatened them.

In the meantime, the nobles and soldiers first mounted, together with a body of guards who had remained in their saddles outside the hostelry gates, in readiness for whatever order the Duke might transmit, had, in the earliest stage of the alarm, been mustered by a trumpet call, and had ridden off, with great speed, headed by the Duke himself, and bearing the banner of Burgundy. It was rumored, at the same time, that a general assault upon the camp by the Ligeois had been discovered, and that the burning of the hostelry was in conjunction with the enemy's advance. Simon Gitt, absorbed in his efforts to protect, as far as possible, both the property of his master and the horses of the guests, heard but gave little heed to the flying remarks which, with loud cries and not a few oaths, were interchanged by the panic-stricken soldiery; but when, after the lapse of an hour, during which he had almost exhausted his strength in striving to save what could be reached of Pierre Bart's effects, the flames at last began to flag, for want of fuel, and he saw the roof that had sheltered him for many years falling into a red gulf, choked up already with timbers and masonry work, it may well be conjectured that the faithful Swiss felt inclined to shake his exertions, and reflect upon the catastrophe so suddenly encountered. At the same time an appalling thought abruptly crossed his mind—a thought regarding the fate of those unfortunate guests whom, as he well knew, Pierre Bart had bestowed, as he deemed so safely, in the subterranean apartments of the hostelry—Simon Gitt, in common with the publican and Angela, shared, as we have learned, in the secret of this retreat; and he had hurriedly concealed the horses of De Varenas and his two companions in the underground stalls that have been previously described. The spectacle, therefore, which the Swiss now looked upon—as he emerged, for the last time, from the falling house, and paused to gaze at the progress of destruction—was one calculated to inspire emotions of a fearful character in the good man's bosom. He saw, in the first place, that the more massy portions of the hostelry, embracing the chambers lately occupied by the Duke's suite, and including the "best room," had been entirely destroyed by the destructive element, so that walls, floorings and roof were settled down in an undistinguishable mass, piled in a mountain of fiery fragments over the secret vaults below. Whether the thick cloak planks of the ground floor had been consumed in the fierce heat that had shrivelled up timbers and rafters above, and the fiery blast, sweeping downward, had traversed the passages beneath, destroying the unhappy travellers which had there sought refuge, was a question which Simon Gitt, gazing at smoldering ruins on one side, and spreading flames on another side of his late home, could not answer to himself; but he bethought him, on the instant, that though the granary, from a concealed passage descended, was now inaccessible by reason of the fire, there was still left the forest passage, and through this, perchance, the guests beneath, if not already burned or stifled, might be rescued from their horrible situation.

No sooner did Simon Gitt bethink himself of the forest passage, than he determined to lose no time in reaching its distant outlet, at the dried ravine. With this view he turned from the blazing hostelry, and was about to hurry at once into the thick wood opposite the road, when he heard a great noise of shouting and running in the highway, and immediately afterwards there came a band of the soldiery, riding the air with furious cries, and dragging over the dusty highway, which was still illumined by the fiery glare, the figure of a man in whom Simon at once recognized a groom of the hostelry stables. The wild exclamations and cries of vengeance which rose from these fierce soldiers, together with their inflamed countenances and furious gestures, as they brandished aloft their pikes and swords, struck the old Swiss with sudden terror, though he could not imagine the cause of all the clamor and tumult. His first impulse, indeed, on recognizing the groom, whom he knew to be a quiet, harmless servant of his master, was to rush forward to the ruffians, and demand the reason of their treating the man with such roughness; but, ere he could set upon this feeling, he fancied that Pierre Bart's name was likewise mingled with the exclamations of the soldiery, and, listening intently, became assured that they were threatening the good inn-keeper with the most terrible tortures, should he be so unlucky as to fall into their hands. Hearing these cruel intentions expressed against his master, Simon Gitt, though still ignorant of the suspicions which attached to the publican, began greatly to fear for his own safety; and seeing that the archers and pikemen filled all the road, and that, should he attempt to cross it, they might manifest some desperate intention toward himself, the Swiss servant fell back cautiously, and, seeking concealment in a corner immediately behind the stone gateway, thence peered out with a sharp eye upon the men who dragged forward the poor groom.

But oh, what increase of mortal fright did Simon Gitt experience when, as he looked from the obscurity wherein he crouched, he beheld the cruel soldiers strip the wretched groom of all his clothing, and then, binding him naked upon the gate, shower upon him scores of heavy blows with pike staves, arrows and even swords, so that the man was presently lacerated and bleeding at every joint; and not content with this, there rode a richly-dressed cavalier, one of the nobles of the Duke's retinue, and bidding two stalwart knaves arm themselves with knotted cords, ordered them thereupon to cut and flogellate the groom until blood ran from his wounded back and joints; he meantime crying out, at first lustily, but thereafter quite faintly, protesting his innocence of some charge, until, at last, he swooned away and fell forward from the gate, held up only by the cords, and so hung, without speech or motion, like one dead.

All this horrible scene was witnessed by Simon Gitt, as he covered, more dead than quick, in the shadow cast by the gateway, and only a few yards from the groom, until, at length, becoming desperate by reason of his fear, he sprang up from his concealment, as the soldiers began to crowd nearer, and rushed with all his speed toward the forest border. The ruffians, on seeing his flight, and that the fugitive was one of the publican's household, raised a loud shout, and broke off in hot pursuit; but the Swiss had so soon crossed the highway, that he was beyond sight in a moment, making his way, for very life, through the forest undergrowth, until he reached certain pathways that he well knew, and struck forward toward the dried ravine.

But Simon Gitt had spent his strength in previous labors, and was little able to distance the hardy pikemen and arquebusers. The direction which he had taken, moreover, led through several open glades of the forest, the crossing of which soon exposed him to the full view of his pursuers. In a brief space, the tumult and triumphant shouts behind, warned him that he was seen, and presently one and then another shot followed his flying footsteps. Nevertheless, the hardy Swiss was not one to be easily daunted, and he kept his course steadily, only deviating sufficiently to take advantage of the thicker clumps of trees. Thus he sped onward, approaching the dried ravine, until at length he had reached within bowshot of its mouth, when, to his increased alarm, he beheld a dozen horsemen advancing from among the crowd of foot soldiers, at a pace which must in a moment more

bring them upon him. Simon Gitt gave himself up for lost, and sprang from the path into a dense thicket that skirted it; but at this moment a dozen shots were heard, and the fugitive felt that he was wounded. He uttered a prayer to Heaven, and staggered on through the thicket, till suddenly plunging heavily downward, he lost all sense and consciousness of what passed around him.

When Simon Gitt opened his eyes again, he found himself lying upon his back, stiff with pain, and bleeding from the wound which he had received by a bullet that had passed through his shoulder. All was dark around him, and as he essayed to rise, and groped with his unburnt hand, he could feel only jagged rocks, mingled with thick brambles upon every side. He dragged himself forward in the gloom, until he

encountered what appeared to be a wall of stone, rising steeply higher than he could reach. He crawled along its base for some distance, but the pain of his wound, and of sore bruises that he felt upon his back and limbs, caused him soon to relinquish the attempt to discover his whereabouts, and, resigning himself to his situation, he sank down once more among the brambles. Thus hours passed on, until at length the gray dawn began to penetrate his dim prison, and enable him to distinguish objects about him. Changing his position, and stretching his limbs, stiff with the chill air, he crawled a little way on either side, and soon became satisfied that he was at the bottom of a deep pit, from which, perhaps centuries previous, had been quarried the stones wherewith had been built the old castle that had once occupied the site of the "Blue Boar" hostelry. Ages before, the rocky foundations of the old keep had been wrought from the forest bed, and, in the lapse of time afterwards, and concealed by tangled thickets, had faded away; so that Simon Gitt, familiar as he was with the forest, had never dreamed of its existence. Yet to this forgotten pit, whereto he had unconsciously plunged, the Swiss now owed his deliverance from the fierce men who had pursued him. Disappearing in the darkness of the thicket, and falling to the bottom of the quarry, he had escaped death, and perhaps the most cruel tortures.

But, though thus providentially rescued from the enemies of the night before, Simon Gitt still found himself in a sad extremity. He was crouched with pain and exposure, so that he could scarcely move a limb, and he knew not what obstacles might be in his path from the quarry, or what perils might environ him in the forest. But he was a Swiss, and a Christian man, and even with the agony of his hurts, was mingled the thought of the unhappy ones immured alive, if not already perished, beneath the ruined hostelry. He knew, likewise, that if he did not make speed to extricate himself from the quarry, his failing strength would soon render the task impossible; so with a prayer to all the saints, Simon Gitt struggled to his feet, and with blood gushing afresh from his shoulder, began slowly and painfully to scale the rocky sides of the quarry. Many times he fell back, or sunk exhausted, but only to nerve himself again to the effort, until, at last, after several hours of labor, he succeeded in reaching the brambly-green edges of the pit, thence dragging himself into the upper thicket. Here he rested for a space, endeavoring to staunch the flow of blood from his wound, and then cautiously crawled through the undergrowth, until he emerged upon a forest-path, skirting its thinner borders. This path, as well as several glades through which it led, was trampled by horses' hoofs, showing that while the Swiss lay insensible at the bottom of the quarry, his pursuers had beaten the surrounding wood, dispersing in all directions in a useless search for the fugitive. Simon Gitt crossed himself devoutly, and thanked the Virgin for the narrow escape which he had had. Then, bethinking himself again to the thick undergrowth, he slowly drew his suffering body along the ground, starting and cowering at every sound in the forest, until at length he reached the dried ravine, choked with drifts of shrivelled leaves, and thence, with a greater sense of security, pursued his painful course toward the secret vaults.

Meantime, the inmates of those dreary apartments had passed long hours of nameless terror. When the page Alphonse returned to his lady, to inform her of her father's disappearance, and of the closing of the trap-door, the daughter, unconscious of what evil it betokened to herself, thought only of her father's peril; but when hours passed away, and the lapse of time became so marked that, even in their subterranean prison, they knew that another day must have dawned upon the upper world, the fears of Margaret for her sire began to give way to terrible suspicions that herself and the page were abandoned to their fate. Thrice, in obedience to her wish, Alphonse had traversed the passage that led to the secret closet, and thrice sought to open the concealed panel by pressing the metal knob so easily moved before; but the floor no longer shifted on its smooth grooving—the trap remaining immovable as the masonry which surrounded it. The page returned to his mis-

treas, and knelt with her in prayer, deeming despairingly that they were forsaken unto death.

At length, too, a new sense of peril began to alarm them. At first faint, but becoming gradually more perceptible, a subtle atmosphere, dry and heated, began to displace the damp air of the vaults, thickening slowly and growing dense, until fleecy wreaths filled the close passages and widened into the chamber wherein they sat. The flame of the lamp waned to a yellow light, and the arched ceiling became hidden by curling smoke, which now penetrated the throats and nostrils of the captives.

"Oh! blessed mother of Heaven!" murmured Margaret. "It is true, then, what my father said. Alphonse! I fear we may be smothered in this dreadful place."

"Nay, dear lady—it were shame in soldiers to murder thus the defenceless!" answered the page, reassuringly.

"But we shall perish, if no succor comes, Alphonse! Already I do feel this stifling vapor upon my brain. Surely there is fire in yonder passage."

"Would that I had an axe to batter down this oak door!" cried the youth, as he rose and looked about the chamber. "There is an outlet beyond, surely; for it was by this the publican approached! He threw open the closet, wherein tapers and provisions were stored, and searched its ample shelves for some instrument with which he might assault the strong panels, that, clamped with iron, formed a barrier at this end of the apartment. But neither axe nor other weapon was to be seen, nor any movable missile which might answer his intent; and, with gloomy forebodings he turned once more to Margaret, who had sunk prostrate, well nigh stifled by the thick smoke and rarefied air, which now increasing in heat invaded all the place, entering his own lungs and causing strange pains to shoot sharply through his head.

"Oh, Alphonse! we must die!" cried the Lady Margaret. "If thou, child, couldst but escape—if thou couldst but bear my dying words to her—"

She paused, gasping for breath.

"Angela!" murmured the page. "The good God will have her in his keeping."

"Thou shalt—thou must escape!" exclaimed his mistress, rallying herself feebly; "thou art young; God will rescue thee! Hark! did I not hear them coming?"

The page listened anxiously, but no sound without broke the silence. Margaret's head sank upon the ground, her eyes closed, and paler overpread her features, rendered ghastly by the dim atmosphere around.

"Oh, my lady—my dear lady! awake! let us not yet despair!" cried Alphonse, bending over her. "They will come! God will not forsake us!"

But Margaret answered not; her form was rigid, and her breath seemed departed entirely.

At that moment, as the page clasped the cold hand of his mistress in silent terror, the sound of a key slowly turning in the ponderous lock of the oak door, struck upon his ear, and caused him to utter a cry of joy. It was apparent that unaccounted or feeble hands wielded that key, for it grated harshly and with uncertainty in the wards, and once appeared to be withdrawn wholly. Alphonse sprang to his feet, and running to the door, raised his voice, hoarse and stifled, crying:

"Haste! haste! for the love of Heaven! we are dying!"

But no response came, save that the key grated harshly again and again, till at last, as if turned with a greater effort, the bolt shot suddenly back, and the oak barrier was flung open. Alphonse ran and hastily lifting his insensible mistress, bore her to the outer air, stumbling, as he did so, and well nigh falling over some crouching object on the threshold, invisible through the smoke, which now rushed outward from the close vaults.

But air—cool, moist, blessed air—cooled the page's forehead, and rushed revivingly into his parched throat and heated breast. He staggered onward out of the cloud of choking vapor, and then fell upon his knees, supporting Margaret with his remaining strength.

In a few moments, however, the dispersion of the vapor throughout the excavations that extended far on either side, allowed a purer atmosphere to pervade the vaults, under the influence of which the lady regained strength and consciousness. Alphonse fell upon his knees, in grateful acknowledgment of safety, and then, for the first time, discovered the agent of their deliverance in the person of a man who, propped against the stone framework of the open door, was just visible in the dim light which emanated from the interior apartment. This man was Simon Gitt, who had crawled thither from the dried ravine, marking each step with his dripping blood, but intent only on rescuing his master's ill-fated guests; and who, by God's mercy, had arrived in time to save the captives from a sudden and cruel death. The Swiss, with folded hands, responded to the page's thanksgiving.

CHAPTER XIX.

DE VARENS IN THE FOREST.

While Simon Gitt remained where he had fallen in the concealed quarry, and his unhappy master, Pierre Bart, bound with thongs and guarded by fierce men-at-arms, passed his first dreary night of captivity, the French noble, De Varenas, whose evil star had been the cause of all, wandered, a fugitive, through the forest, apprehensive of capture in the darkness by the men of Burgundy, and no less dreading the approach of day, because it would then be more difficult for him to escape from the neighborhood. Without covering for his head, and deprived of the mantle which he was accustomed to wear, the old man now shivered in his scanty coat through the long hours, cursing, by turns

his own rashness and the better fortune of Charles, and rowing, in his impatient rage, to be re-revered upon fate itself, which had thwarted his evil intent. At times, when he reverted to his daughter and Alphonse, still captives in the vaults, the wretched man would smite his forehead, and compress his lips till the blood almost started, and then, as if in defiance of all compassionate instincts, he would mutter—

"They will be burned like rats in their burrows! What boots it? Let the pining girl perish, if the foul fiend so wills!"

But in vain the guilty noble sought, by outbursts such as this, to banish remorseful thought. Still before him, in her pale and sorrowing beauty, arose the image of that child whose young existence he had made a torture; still the memory of the wrongs he had inflicted upon her whose only crime was love for the youth who saved his own miserable life, came like an accusing spirit, whispering in his shrinking ear—"De Varenne! where is thy daughter?" He covered before him his recollections of the past that now pursued him like evil phantoms in the darkness; he cast himself upon the ground, covering his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out what could not be excused.

At length the morning broke, and De Varenne, dreading not to venture from the thickest portions of the wood, listened anxiously to every sound that was borne upon the breeze. Anon the distant roar of artillery came to his ears, and he knew that the army of the Liegeois must be encountered that of Charles. He set forth in the direction of the canonade with mingled fears and hopes; but dared not venture to emerge from the covert which afforded him secure shelter. Thus the hours passed on, until, as mid-day approached, the pangs of hunger oppressed him, and he began to fear that he should yet perish, lost perhaps in the forest, or, haply escaping from its wilderness, fall into the hands of enemies embittered by recent danger and perhaps already charged to capture him. He could not but dread that in his midnight attempt upon Charles, the awaking Duke might have beheld and recognized him, in which case, peradventure, his seizure by the fierce Burgundian would be followed, as was common in those days, by a "short shrift and a bloody shroud." Thus tormented by his bitter reflections on the past, and the actual perils of the present, De Varenne felt little consolation in the conviction that he had become bewildered in a woody labyrinth, and entirely ignorant of his whereabouts in the forest, which, like many of the wildernesses of the country, extended for scores of miles through valleys and over hills, as well as on both sides of the river which penetrated it. In vain he retraced the narrow paths that intersected each other through the covert; in vain ventured at times into the more open portions of the wood, apprehensive the while of sudden apparitions in the shape of armed Burgundians. Mid-day found him still wandering in the maze of thickets, and therefor clouds beginning to overspread the sky, threatened soon to deprive him even of the sun's guidance. During an hour or more after this he endeavored to keep in view the more strongly-marked paths, but whether these were merely tracks of wood cutters, or he was too unversed in forest craft to trace their deviations, certain it was that the entire day had been consumed, when, weary and famished, he arrived near the battle-field of St. Tron. Since the sun's light had been obscured by clouds, he had been unable to discern by shadows his straightest course, and had doubtless doubled many times upon his own footsteps; but now, as evening began to approach, the forest growth that he reached appeared thinner, until the plains of an open country became visible through the widening lawns. At intervals throughout the day, as has been remarked, he had heard the distant thunder of artillery, and it was consequently no matter of surprise to him that he now beheld, in the extended space before him, the marks of recent and severe conflict between hostile armies. He saw, in pausing suddenly to peer forth from the covert that still sheltered him, what he could not doubt was the battle-field on which Charles of Burgundy had that day encountered the rebellious citizens of Liege.

De Varenne was in no mood to moralize upon the bloody scene of recent hand-to-hand strife. He paused, it is true, with folded arms, and gazed out from the thicket in moody meditation; but at this moment, as with frowning forehead and compressed lips he dwelt in contemplation on the prospect before him, the pangs of appetite were quite as active a spur to his thoughts as was any merely mental stimulus. Nevertheless, though at least a score of hours had elapsed since food had passed his lips, perhaps even now (disputing with physical discomfort) the torture of an unquiet conscience still gnawed as deeply in his gloomy bosom.

The conflict of St. Tron had been concluded some hours before, and a thousand bodies strewn the trampled plain—victors and vanquished lying undistinguished in heaps where they had fallen. The main army of Charles had marched toward Liege; but small detachments of soldiers yet remained upon the spot, engaged in identifying their own dead, or rifling the bodies of slaughtered foes. Rude tumbrils were moving slowly from the field, evidently filled with wounded survivors of the fray; and as the lingering soldiers wore the cross of Burgundy upon their surcoats, the French noble quickly divined that the allies of his master must have been defeated, and that Charles had driven their scattered remnants to the walls of the cities from which they had marched out to give him battle. He waited not, however, to learn more by encountering the plunderers of the slain; but keeping still within the forest borders, began to retrace his steps along the highway route in an opposite direction to that in which the Burgundian army had advanced to the investment of Liege.

But the clouds that had long hidden the sun's light, began now to thicken, until, as night set in, De Varenne found himself again encompassed by gloom and entangled in the forest labyrinth. It was with many maledictions that he looked forward to another night of exposure and sleeplessness, but there was no help, save in attempting, by seeking the open plains, to reach some straggling dwelling, with the risk of encountering enemies at every step. His object was to gain the mill of St. Tron, but he knew not now in what direction to direct his course; since the increasing obscurity soon concealed even a wood path from his eyes. So yielding at length to necessity, he was about to resign himself to a pillow beneath some sheltering covert, when he saw suddenly, through an opening among the trees, that he was close upon the ruins of the "Blue Boar" hostelry, from which he had fled the night preceding.

Ruined, indeed, was the house of Pierre Bart; for all that De Varenne could distinguish were the naked walls that surrounded a gulf of smoldering fire, the dull glare of which, penetrating the forest, had made him aware of his locality. He beheld enough, however, to convince him that the subterranean vaults must be buried, as they were evidently covered by the charred rafters and masonry that choked the space between the mass foundations of the dismantled walls. It was natural that, at this sight, the thought of his innocent daughter should again press remorsefully upon his soul; and as he peered out from the woodland border, across the now deserted road, evidently to fix the situation of the vaults, he could almost fancy that he beheld the form of Margaret, lying pale and cold, stifled beneath the mound of fire, or more horrible still, crushed under the weight of falling walls and roof-tree crashing down to her prison-house. It was then, for the first time, that the wretched man felt the desolation of his own state, alone and conscience-stricken in the world which he had made cheerless for his child. He smote his breast, as he ventured near to the road, and by turns muttering prayers and blasphemies, approached the blackened gate-ports of the hostelry, where still hung the discolored corpse of the groom who had been scourged to death by the Burgundian soldiery. It needed not this poor relic of tortured humanity to remind him of the danger which he ran of being marked by some prowling follower of the army; for at the very instant that he emerged from the forest, and stood revealed in the yellow glare that disclosed the road, another figure appeared to start up suddenly beside him, and a voice said, mildly:

"Benedicite!"

The first motion of De Varenne had been to draw his sword, but a glance at the object in his path inspired less hostile action. He saw that the speaker was a monk, clad in the loose garb peculiar afterwards to the pilgrims of St. Francis. A wide and long robe of frieze was bound about the waist by a thick rope, over which a cape depended several inches below the girdle; while a hood or cowl, with pointed extremity, hanging backward on the neck, completed the coarse costume. The hood was capacious, and flapped over the face, but enough of the monk's features could be distinguished to show that he was swarthy of skin, with piercing eyes, and a heavy, sable beard. De Varenne paused abruptly in front of the man, and replied to his salutation, by exclaiming:

"Who are you?"

The tone in which this question was asked seemed to startle the ecclesiastic with fear of personal violence; for he drew back a pace, and hesitated for a moment before answering:

"I am but a poor pilgrim, my son, faring humbly on my road to the dominions of King Louis of France. Chance brought me hither to view this scene of desolation, wherein, I fear me, human life hath suffered much."

"By fire and sword men commonly die now-a-days, good father," said De Varenne. "If thy journey lead thee a league or more to the other border of this forest, thou may'st find the wolves devouring men-at-arms at their leisure."

"A battle has been fought!" said the monk, interrogatively. "I did think to proceed on my journey, but the nearness of mortal strife constrained me to abide this day in yonder wood."

"Where journeyest thou?" asked De Varenne abruptly, though in a deferential tone, as addressing an ecclesiastic.

"To the city of Paris it may be," replied the pilgrim.

"Go thither myself," said De Varenne. "But, tell me, good father, if thou hast halted in the forest here without breaking fast from sunrise to sunset?"

"Nay, I abide in the habitation of a worthy forester hard by," replied the monk.

"If that be so, father, in God's name lead me thither, for I crave some little refreshment ere I journey to the mill of St. Tron! Knowest thou where the mill stands, good father?"

"I am a stranger in these parts, son; but if thou wilt follow, I will lead speedily to the forester's habitation." Saying this, the monk, who had spoken always in the same measured and low tone of voice, crossed the road before De Varenne, and led the way into the wood, and through several openings, until they reached a rude hut standing in the centre of a clearing. At the door of this structure stood the grim figure of its owner, whose blackened garments and countenance denoted his occupation to be that of a charcoal-burner. Passing this man, who bowed low to his priestly guest, De Varenne entered the hut and seated himself upon the single stool which stood by a rude table near the hearth, wherein burned a few dull embers. The monk, meanwhile, whispered his wants to the rustic, and presently the latter set before the noble some coarse bread and herbs, together with a flask of sour wine with which the visitor proceeded briefly to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The monk, meanwhile, inquired if during his absence for the space of an hour, the sounds of soldiery had been heard in the forest, to which the charcoal-burner returned a negative, and thanked the Virgin that the strife had rolled onward to a distance from his humble dwelling.

"Let me sleep the sleep of quiet conscience," said the monk, "and may the fighting-men keep far from our forest! This is my prayer, holy father!"

"A good petition for such as thee," muttered De Varenne, as he glanced up wrathfully at the simple peasant whose bread he was eating. And the noble cursed the charcoal-burner in his heart, for the grimy face and soiled hands seemed to rebuke his own soiled and hardened soul. When he had finished his repast, swallowing the last drop of poor wine, he asked abruptly—

"Where is the mill of St. Tron, sirrah? that of which one Jean Schaeffer is the miller?"

"The mill, master, is more than a league from this spot," answered the charcoal-burner, pointing through the door of his hut out into the gloom beyond the clearing. He threw, as he spoke, a few pine knots upon the hearth, causing a blaze to spring up and cast a red glare around the monk's interior.

"The mill of Maître Jean stands but a good league from the Blue Boar hostelry that was, for there be nothing left of poor Pierre Bart's house save it be the ashes that cover his bones, and those of sweet Angela, his little one, may the Virgin receive her soul!"

De Varenne's frame became agitated, but he remained silent for several moments, during which the monk, whose brown cowl still flapped closely over his face, appeared to regard him attentively. At length, however, he rose abruptly, saying, as he cast down upon the board some silver coins,

"There, fellow! pay thyself for the meal, and direct me speedily to this mill of St. Tron. And if thou hast clock or head-gear to sell, thou shalt have double thanks withal."

The charcoal-burner shook his head, but the priest interposed.

"I have a soldier's rough morion at your service, son," said the latter, in his measured tones—"a steel-ribbed cap that some men-at-arms left upon the highway in flight from the battle-field. Mantle I have none, save, indeed, another serge frock like that which I now wear. But such as I have are at hand." He turned aside, in speaking, to a corner of the hut, where, upon the earthen floor, lay a wallet or scrip such as travelling friars were accustomed to carry, and drawing from this a steel-bound bonnet, and a mantle of dark stuff, proffered them quietly to the noble.

At this moment a sudden gust of wind surged through the forest without, and into the hut, driving the flame and smoke of the hearth in eddies to the roof; and the next instant large drops of water, plashing loudly as they descended through the trees, gave intimation of a violent storm. The charcoal-burner hastily closed the door, crossing himself as he did so, and immediately after the storm broke with a fierce clatter over the forest, and a flood of rain poured down upon the rude habitation. It was one of the heavy tempests usual at the season, which, like a tornado or water-spout, was precipitated without the slightest notice from gathered clouds, sweeping whole districts with terrible force, and oftentimes involving harvests, dwellings, and even villages, in wide-spread destruction.

"We cannot go forth to-night, save with danger to life or limb," said the charcoal-burner. "The flood will be presently upon us, and no man can safely encounter it."

De Varenne muttered a malediction as he heard the wild surge of water through the clearing; but he knew likewise the correctness of the peasant's assertion, and that in these thick woods, with their branches beaten down each moment and twisted off by wind gusts, it would be scarcely possible to make headway, and entirely impracticable to keep a forest path. He went back, therefore, gloomily, to his seat, and scarcely vouchsafed a reply to the well-meant attempts of the monk to break the monotony of the place by venturing, from time to time, some slowly spoken observation. Meantime, the charcoal-burner dragged forth several well-worn skins, which he presently piled in a corner, making a rude couch, which he pointed out to his guests as their resting-place for the night. The monk, however, signified his intention of remaining, at least for the present, as a watcher; for he seated himself upon a log near the blazing embers, and drawing from his bosom what appeared to be a missal, became soon lost, apparently, in its perusal. Soon afterwards the French noble took himself, without further colloquy, to his pallet, whilst the storm without, gathering in its fury, shook the strong timbers of which the hut was composed, and roared about its walls like the vexed sea dashing against rocky headlands.

After De Varenne had thus disposed himself, the grimy host of the hut, having knelt devoutly for the blessing of the ghostly guest, stretched his stalwart frame upon a single skin before the hearth, and was soon slumbering that sleep which rewards daily toil with sweet forgetfulness and invigorating rest. The friar, however, seemed in no haste to partake of repose; but continued upon his log, with head propped against the rough wall, and eyes fixed upon the book before him; and when, at intervals, he cast a fresh fragment of pine upon the hearth, in order to renew the fading blaze. Thus passed hours, till the hard breathing of De Varenne gave token that he, too, had subsided to dreams, if not to rest; and then the monk, after listening attentively for some time, rose noiselessly from his position, and approaching the sleeping noble, whose face was fully disclosed in the strong light of the fire, stooped slowly beside him and attentively examined his features.

What might be the motive of the friar in this scrutiny, or to what conclusion he arrived at its close, was not revealed in his swarthy countenance, from which he cast back his cowl, in order, as might be, to obtain a nearer view of the sleeper; but when, in a moment more, he withdrew his gaze, it was to clasp his hands tightly together, and gaze upward as with a voiceless adoration. He then replaced in his bosom the book which he had been perusing, and seating himself upon the stool, leaned his arm upon the table, and appeared to resign himself to profound meditation. In this manner the hours passed on, night moving slowly, till at length the noise of descending torrents was heard no longer without the hut, the furious wind decreased and died at length away, and all grew silent. Still the friar slept not; but when the night seemed stillest, opened softly the hut door, and went forth into the thick mist that filled the forest, drawing his cowl and mantle around him as he crossed the clearing, and strode backward and forward under the water-laden foliage of the trees with the measured tread of a sentinel on guard. Surely it seemed that this holy friar, more than Godfrey de Varenne, had that upon his mind which denied the boon of sleep to his restless body.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORIGIN OF THE FRENCH WARS.—In the anecdotes of fashion it is recorded, that when Louis VII., in obedience to the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaven king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards our Henry II. She had for her marriage dower the rich province of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All which, probably, had never occurred had Louis VII., not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgusting in the eyes of our spirited and vindictive Queen Eleanor.—*The Barber's Shop.*

A paper having stated, some months ago, that "Washington is infested with a gang of desperate scoundrels," Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, replies—"This is evidently an inadvertence. Congress does not assemble until the first Monday in December."

The foundation of knowledge must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1857.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is \$2 a year in advance—payable in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its single pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"The Warrior's Lament," "To My Parents," "Dancing," "Memory the Shadow-Land."

NOTICE.—If those whose subscriptions expire with the year, would send on their names for renewal as speedily as possible, they would confer a great favor upon us.

OUR NOVELETS.

In our next paper—the first of the new year—we design commencing Mr. Arthur's Original Novelt, written expressly for THE POST. It is entitled,

JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's novelt, we expect to be able to give GRACE GREENWOOD'S story, unavoidably deferred by sickness, called

FOUR IN HAND; OR, THE REQUEST.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The notes of all solvent banks will be taken in payment of subscriptions to THE POST—although, of course, we prefer gold or silver.

Subscribers who find a difficulty in getting anything under a five dollar note to remit, should bear in mind that we send the paper three years for five dollars. All should also remember that in times like these, it is better to subscribe to an old and firmly established paper like THE POST, which a "crisis" in the money market scarcely affects, than to papers of a more transient and less reliable character.

A LAST WORD.

The present paper closes the year. With it expire the subscriptions of a large number of our club subscribers. We trust to hear from all of them soon, renewing their lists. Yes, not only renewing the old lists, but largely adding to their number. For, even if the times be hard, the sum required to insure the continuance of the weekly visits of THE POST is a mere trifle to almost every one. Economy or self-denial for a few days in some single article of food alone, would enable even a poor family to save enough to supply themselves with nourishment for the mind and heart for a whole year.

To economize by cutting off the weekly reading of a family, is a measure of folly instead of prudence—and, where there are children, it almost amounts to a crime. Besides, it is an illustration of the old maxim, "penny wise, pound foolish." For one good practical idea caught from the weekly paper—be it in the shape of household economy, or referring to the management of the farm, plantation, or stock, will probably be worth, even in the hard dollars, three times the cost of the paper.

These truths are so obvious, that it scarcely seems necessary to allude to them. But we may be allowed to suggest them for the use of our friends when seeking to obtain new subscribers. Putting everything of a merely pleasurable character aside—considering as of no value the moral lessons inculcated, or the information furnished upon a hundred subjects—the agricultural hints, the useful receipts, and the financial news published yearly in THE POST, are worth in themselves to every farmer or planter three times (and often twenty times) the price of subscription. We trust therefore that no foolish policy of economy will lead any man to deny himself or his family, the innocent enjoyments and the manifold advantages of a good weekly paper.

BETHANY COLLEGE, VA.—A letter from Mr. Campbell, the President of this college, whose main building recently was destroyed by fire, states that steps will be immediately taken for the erection of a larger and more appropriate college edifice; and the Faculty confidently appeal to the friends of Bethany College, to continue the encouragement and confidence which they have so long enjoyed. Three large rooms have been procured for immediate use, and the studies will not be interrupted.

EVERY INCH A KING.—The Portuguese seem at length to have a king rather more worthy of the name than the European monarchs in general. He is scarcely of age, and yet he insists upon visiting the hospitals, regardless of the pestilence now prevailing in Lisbon, cheers the sick with kind words, and enforces, as far as possible, the strictest attention to their wants. His name is Pedro—Pedro II.

OUR PROSPECTUS.—We are somewhat amused at seeing the language of our recent Prospectus copied, to a greater or less extent, by several of our contemporaries. It is flattering, no doubt—but still, for obvious reasons, we would rather our friends would write their own Prospectuses.

THE EXPANSION POLICY.

Our readers will remember that THE POST, in common with a few other papers, seriously questioned the stringent policy pursued by the New York City Banks in the late crisis, as calculated to bring upon them the very evil that they feared. The result was as we predicted—they contracted and contracted, until they were forced, in turn, by their customers, to suspend.

In England, when the panic began to rage there, the *London Times* advised the Bank to pursue the same foolish policy of contraction, contraction, continued contraction, which had resulted in suspension in the United States. But, fortunately, wiser heads had the control of affairs. Obedient to the opposite policy, the Bank began to expand. That expansion put an end to the universal hoarding of means which was going on—to meet "future" contingencies which probably never would come to pass. When merchants found they could get plenty of money, they did not want it—at least not just then. If the money could not be had, they wanted it—but if the Bank was prepared to loan on good securities, to any reasonable amount, then they did not want it.

Well, the Bank of England expanded—broke the back of the panic—and, at the last advice, had again been able to contract its issues within the legal limit. The whole amount of the expansion was, we believe, about three millions of pounds. But it was not this comparatively trifling amount, but the confidence in the general solvent condition of the nation which it typified, that prevented the financial ruin which would otherwise have ensued.

Thinkers upon this subject of finance should not omit in their calculations, the necessity of an allowance or counterpoise for the folly of mankind. Mere financial panics may be just as productive of real evil as any other panics. How many battles have been lost which might have been won, simply from the effects of a silly fright. And when you know that "conceit can kill," why hesitate to have recourse to the equally true adage that "conceit can cure?"

CAMELS AND LLAMAS.

In a recent official letter from Mr. Beale, superintendent of the wagon road from Fort Defiance to the Mohave river, we find the following—

"I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of that noble brute, the camel; and I confidently look forward to the day when it will be found in general use in all parts of the country. The idea that their feet would break down in travelling our rocky grounds is an exploded absurdity."

"In all the explorations over the roughest possible volcanic rocks, they have been with us, patiently carrying water, of which they never drank a drop, and corn, of which they never tasted a grain. On the expedition from which I returned yesterday, they were four days without water, and apparently without feeling the want of it."

The camel experiment, therefore, may be almost set down already as a successful one. And doubtless that of the Llamas will be equally favorable. A flock containing seventy-one "alpacaes," was recently shipped from Aspinwall, and forty-two of them have arrived safely in New York—the other twenty-nine having died on the passage, in consequence of the severe weather. The vessel put into Key West afterwards, where the remaining animals were much recruited.

Relative to the wagon road to California, which Mr. Beale is now exploring, he writes very favorably as follows:—

"The last two days have been spent in constant explorations of the country in advance, towards the Great Colorado river, in order that I might know on what to depend when I left this place, as the country has been represented as barren of grass and water."

"Up to this point (100 miles east of the Colorado) the road has been, beyond all comparison, over the easiest unbroken country for the same distance I have ever seen; and should it prove of a more difficult character from this point to the State line of California, it will even then be a thousand times better than any I know of; offering, as it does, abundance of water and grass throughout, and passing through the finest forests of pine timber possible to conceive."

FIREMEN'S BALL.—We are indebted to the members of the Northern Liberty Hose Company of this city, for an invitation to attend their Ball, on New Year's Eve, at the National Guard's Hall, Race street below Sixth.

New Publications.

THE FARMER'S BOY, by ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, (D. Appleton & Co., New York, T. B. Peterson, Philad.) is got up in holiday style, with copious illustrations. It is, and will be for many a century, the epic poem of the farmer's life. Here the whole scenery and labor of the field and farmhouse, the seasons from seed-time to harvest, and from harvest to seed-time again, the year and all that is seen and done in it by rustic eyes and hands, are lifted into homely, heart-felt, and graphic poetry. Bloomfield stands in English literature with Bunyan and Burns—himself a farmer's boy, whose strong natural genius required the defects of his social position, and wrought this pure and true pastoral poem, in which his own observation and experience are inlaid. A large proportion of the illustrations which adorn this book are from the hand of Birket Foster, an artist whose pictures are wonderful for effects of color and atmosphere, and all nice gradations of light and shade, which he suggests to the eye with the tints and semi-tints of a black-lead pencil on white paper. Never did a lead pencil so closely enmesh upon the magic of a palette streaming with colors, as in the pictures of Birket Foster.

WORLD-NOTED WOMEN, OR TYPES OF THE WOMANLY ATTRIBUTES OF ALL LANDS AND AGES, by MARY COWDEN CLARKE, (D. Appleton & Co., New York, T. B. Peterson, Philad.) is a book, like a Bible, splendidly printed and bound, and richly furnished with seventeen beautifully executed steel engravings of as many famous women of various climes and times. The portraits are accompanied with appropriate analytical disquisitions on the character and actions of these celebrities. In this way we pass in review the Greek Sappho and Aspasia, the Roman Lucretia and Cecilia, Cleopatra the Egyptian, Valentine de Milan of Italy, Heloise, Laura, Joan D'Arc, Margaret and La Valliere of France, Isabella of Castile, Maria Theresa of Austria, Catherine of Russia, Pocahontas of America, and Lady Jane Grey and Florence Nightingale of England. The essays are written carefully, and with judgment and knowledge.

One of them—that on Pocahontas—is the composition of Mrs. Balmanno of New York. One other, telling the old, pathetic story of Joan D'Arc in a rhetoric that jets fire and drops tears, is from the pen of our own Grace Greenwood. All the rest are the work of Mrs. Clarke, of England, and, "take them for all in all," they are pleasant reading.

POEMS BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, (D. Appleton & Co., New York; T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is a gift-book worth the giving. Author, artist, and publisher, have conspired to make it worthy. Its turquoise-tinted covers are embellished with arabesques of golden vines and flowers. It is printed on delicate salmon-colored satin paper, thickly strewn with illustrations, which truly make the subjects and scenery of the poems evident to the eye. The best English artists have wrought to embellish these dainty leaves—Lawrence, Birket Foster, William Harvey, Weir, Tanniel, the Brothers Dalziel, and others of equal fame. Mr. Bryant himself has collected and arranged the poems, which now appear with the last revising touches of his pen. The book deserves notice as an exquisite edition of the writings of one who is distinctively an American poet, and whose poems, sobered with deep sense, and tinged in the grain with a gentle and thoughtful humanity, shine throughout with the equal and tender brightness of a blue and golden Autumn day.

HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA, AS TRACED IN THE WRITINGS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND HIS COTEMPORARIES, by JOHN C. HAMILTON, (D. Appleton & Co., T. B. Peterson,) is the first volume of a contribution to our account of ourselves as a nation, and is to be at once a history and a biography. It is the result of the examination of a mass of documents deposited in the United States archives, and recently opened to the author. Private collections have also been brought to the vintage from which this history is distilled. It will form a complete series of authentic facts arranged into a narrative, and designed for practical reference in affairs of State.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING, by THOMAS CAMPBELL, (D. Appleton, New York; T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is well enough known for its beauty, its vigor, its pathos, and its incredible blunders in our natural and national history. We have it here in holiday guise, on pale salmon-tinted paper, crowded with pictures by Dalziel, Harvey, and the inimitable Birket Foster.

SOMETHING ABOUT COFFEE.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—I am an old house-keeper, and having met with something new and good, I feel as if I ought to speak of it to the wide circle of housekeepers who read your truly admirable paper. Boiled coffee, you are aware, is superior to coffee made in the French strainer; but the great trouble has been that, in boiling, the fine aroma goes off with the vapor, and leaves behind, in too concentrated a form, the mere bitter principle. There are, as you know, in coffee, a bitter and an aromatic principle. When boiled in a common coffee-pot, a large portion of the aromatic, which is very volatile, escapes, and the bitter, as just said, remains. The excellence of coffee depends entirely upon the amount of aroma retained in boiling; but all know that this delicious fragrance of the berry is usually allowed to pervade the whole house for half-an-hour or more before breakfast, during the boiling process, and that, in too many cases, the flavor of the coffee is so impaired, that little or no enjoyment is found in drinking it.

This is my experience, and most of your readers will confirm it by theirs. Well, then, the something new and good that I have found, is a coffee-pot in which you may boil your coffee one hour or three, and lose none of the aroma or strength. It is called "THE OLD DOMINION COFFEE-POT." I saw a notice of it some months ago, and at once procured one which we have now been using for over three months, and more delicious coffee I have never tasted than is made in it daily. Visitors say, "We never tasted coffee before," and ask in wonder how it is made.

This new coffee-pot, for which letters patent have been granted, is constructed upon true scientific principles. It is made in two parts. Below is the boiler, in which the coffee is placed as in an ordinary coffee-pot—strained, if preferred, by a strainer attached; or closed with egg—and above is a condenser, in which two syphons are arranged. "After the coffee and water are placed in the coffee-pot, the condenser, containing a small portion of cold water, is put on, and the spout closed with a movable cap, so that not a particle of vapor can escape. As soon as the coffee begins to boil, the vapor, instead of being given off into the room, passes up one of the syphons and is condensed by the cold water, into which as much of the aroma as was carried off with the vapor, is discharged. As the coffee continues to boil, the vapor, loaded with the aroma, continues to pass through the syphon into the water held in the condenser, until this water is raised above the level of the other syphon, when the whole passes back, by section, into the coffee below. Thus the coffee is boiled, and yet does not lose a particle of its fine aroma or strength."

I copy this description of the boiler and process of using it, from a card accompanying the coffee-pot. It is accurate, and gives you a clear notion of the thing.

Now, this is no complicated affair, but a simple arrangement, and as easy to manage as an ordinary coffee-pot. My cook says that she sees no difference as to the trouble of using; but finds vastly increased pleasure in the uniform praise she receives for her good coffee.

You may rest assured, Mr. Editor, that just what I have stated above is true. I would not part with my "Old Dominion Coffee-Pot" for five times its cost, if another was not to be obtained. It can be found, I presume, at most of the housekeeping stores. A HOUSEKEEPER.

W. Wevister, who was considered a first having in a number of jokes brooked forth something beneath his talent, the circumstance was remarked by a Scotch gentleman present, who, without any knowledge whatever of the person, exclaimed, "Ah! mon, you are s'en like myself a WEE-WEE-WE-WE!" (This is probably the best instance of an unintentional joke on record.)

Law descend like an inveterate, hereditary disease; they trail from generation to generation, and glide imperceptibly from place to place. Reason becomes nonsense, buffoonery a plague.—Goth.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WINTER SETTING IN—ANOTHER MARTIN TO CHIMELINE—A USEFUL INVENTION—A FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION—BARBARIC SPLENDORS—A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL—THE WAY TO FAME—A POET'S HERITAGE.

Paris, November 26, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial, with all their respective "Households," have just returned to Paris for the winter. The railway station was magnificently decorated on the occasion; and a crowd, as usual, had stationed themselves along the line of march from that point to the Tuilleries, to witness the passage of the grand carriages and their occupants.

The little Prince, who is thriving again, takes his airings regularly in an open carriage, with his governess and a strong escort of cavalry. What would the good folks of London think if Queen Victoria could not venture to send her numerous progeny out for a drive without this display of brass helmets and cold steel?

Another victim has just been added to the list of those who have already fallen a sacrifice to hoops and crinolines. The Countess de Thérèse, much known and beloved in the *bon monde* of Paris, has been spending the autumn, like other grand people, in her chateau of Mougins, near Gironde. A few days ago, on entering the dining-room, the Countess went too near the fire; her dress, stuck out over a balcony-petticoat, took fire, and the flame blazed up to a pyramid with an instantaneous rapidity that nothing but the action of her petticoat could explain. Her mother and a servant who happened to be in the dining-room, hastened to her assistance, but the poor lady lost all presence of mind, and rushed into the next room, screaming wildly for help. Her husband and all the servants came running from every part of the house, and every effort was made to crush out the fire. But alas! the fatal petticoat could not be compressed. When the efforts of the assistants got it under on one side, the elasticity of the material and the hands of steel sent it out on the other; and acting as a sort of bellows on the flaming mass of drapery, everything the Countess wore was speedily in a state of combustion, and so horribly was she burned, before the fire could be got under, that she expired the next afternoon, after four hours of the most acute suffering. Almost all the persons about her were more or less burned; the Count's hands suffered more than those of any one else, he having been the most active in his efforts to save his unhappy wife from the flames. One of his hands it is thought can never be restored.

It is not that women have no more sense of the worth and dignity of their part in the world, than to waste time, strength and money on a style of dress which is at once costly, inconvenient and dangerous both to themselves and to those about them, and which has not even the merit of exciting the admiration of the other sex, who, as is notoriously evident all the world over, detest the present style of petticoats (and of bonnets) almost to a man!

This shocking catastrophe, which has really occurred, and is not a newspaper paragraph but a deplorable fact, reminds me that some modifications in the absurdities of the reigning toilette are announced as imminent, though, from the persistence of the gay world in any folly it has taken into favor, one dares not be too sanguine of the truth of the rumor; also, that some interesting experiments have just been exhibited here, by Messrs. Schessel & Thaurat, at the Cirque Napoleon, of this city, showing the efficacy of their invention for rendering objects of every kind incombustible. Different species of parts of woven stuffs, muslin, hemp, paper, &c., were inclosed in a box, and placed in the middle of a room in a rooming fire; on opening the box, its contents were uninjured. A small roof of deal was subjected to the action of the fire; the surface was given a slightly scorched, but the fire took no hold of it. On a deal table were placed a mass of straw, and a pile of paper, aluminated, &c., and these were then placed on this cloth and froth; but though they burned furiously, the cloth was not injured. A small quantity of gunpowder was placed in a box, and this was also uninjured. A small roof of deal was subjected to the action of the fire; the surface was given a slightly scorched, but the fire took no hold of it.

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have fallen; in some cases, great stones have been hurled up into the air, and have fallen on the roofs of houses, smashing through the consecutive floors in their descent. Several bombs have burst in the ruins of the magazine, since the explosion; so that the greatest precautions are necessary in proceeding to search the ruins for the victims who are buried under them.

Subsequent intelligence tells of a whole family, father, mother and three children, who were all killed and buried together; of soldiers on the march of whom sixty were killed or wounded; of a poor young sculptor found dead, with his chisel in his hand, struck by a great block of masonry as he was working on a statue; of frightful killings and maimings, and of miraculous escapes, such as that of one of the editors of the *Gazette de Mayenne*, who was quietly seated at his desk, in the office of that journal, intoning a leader for the next day's issue, when a mass of masonry fell on the roof of the house, smashing everything as it fell, breaking down ceilings and furniture, and falling a few feet from the horrified editor, who could not believe his eyes when the crash and whirl of falling materials filled his sanctum, all Mayenne shuddering as with an earthquake, in that same fearful moment. His amazement at his escape, for he was not injured in the slightest degree, was greater than ever when he found what had happened.

The authorities of Mayenne, and the Government, are busy organizing subscriptions for the hundreds of wounded and shelterless persons thus thrown on the public charity, and subscriptions are being set on foot throughout all the States of Germany, for the same object. The frightful national calamities of the last two or three years, calling for so large an effort of national and international generosity, will, it is to be hoped, turn the attention of practical men to the necessity of organizing some plan of General Insurance, whereby a yearly payment, by every individual member of society, so small that it would not be felt even by the poorest, would form a fund for the re-payment of all the losses incurred through accidents of every kind. Statisticians have already shown the feasibility of such an extension of a principle already generally recognized; and the necessity of the age will no doubt enforce its adoption in course of time. Meanwhile, the King of Bavaria has caused a gunpowder magazine to be removed out of the limits of his capital; and it is to be hoped that this sage precaution will be imitated in other countries.

In the general dearth of news, the French journals are delightedly copying into their own columns the details given by the London papers of the late presentation by the Siamese Ambassadors at Windsor, and the long list of presents they have made to Queen Victoria, in the name of their two royal and imperial masters. Phya-Mentri-Surivannan, and Chuan-Mun-Sar-Boddhi-Bharthi, are the representatives of the first King, and Chuan-Mon-Bidharthi is the representative of the second King of Siam. They are accompanied by two officers, whose names are quite as long as their own, appointed to guard the treasures sent over, an interpreter, two captains, and a messenger bearing letters to the Queen from the two sovereigns, written in gold. As to the presents, they sound like a page out of the Arabian Nights. An oriental crown of gold and enamel, enriched with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies; an enormous star of diamonds; a gold necklace full of rubies; a massive gold ring set with diamonds and other magnificent stones; a golden belt with rubies; a throne; a white tortoise shell of inestimable value, set with innumerable precious stones; a cup and saucer of agate; a rich palanquin; a most splendid saddle and bridle; a quantity of pearls richly embroidered with gold; coffers and goblets of massive gold; silver saltcellars rimmed with gold, richly chased; a gong, and a quantity of other curiosities remarkable for their richness of quality and elaborate workmanship; together with a picture representing the interior of the Court of the Kings of Siam.

As we remarked just now, catastrophes have been the order of the day; during this six-month year of our Lord. Numerous traits of generosity and devotion are called out on these occasions, and sometimes we read of bravery and helpfulness in quarters where we should hardly have looked for them.

On the 10th of November, a tremendous fire occurred at St. Petersburg, which cost many lives; the fog being so thick that it was impossible to see the signals, and the pumps could not be used to any effect. The conflagration raged from 2 A. M. to 6 P. M., and many noble acts of courage and self-devotion marked the day. To show the sense of these, the Emperor distributed silver medals to those who had most distinguished themselves; when a young girl of ten years of age, who had shown the most wonderful energy and presence of mind, and who had saved two young children from the flames, received from the Emperor a present of two hundred silver rubles from his private purse.

An interesting account of Henri de Balzac, the famous novelist, has just been published by his sister, who has given us, from her brother's letters, a chronological list of his works, showing in what order they ought to be read, and throwing much interesting light on the life of the author, which he so studiously kept hidden from the public eye. No writer destined ultimately to work his way to success, ever labored more perseveringly against the neglect that, for twenty years, swallowed up all the books he offered to the world. Whatever he wrote fell flat, producing no effect on the public. At last De Balzac opened his mind to three other unfortunate aspirants to literary greatness, told them that he saw they were all on the wrong road, that if they were determined to make themselves a name as novelists, their only plan was to quit the gay world with its distractions, establish themselves in that part of the city which is occupied by the students of the public schools (and goes by the name of the "Latin Quarter"), and there study science thoroughly for four years, after which preparation they would be able to produce a good novel. The three other embryo great men listened to the project, desisted, and adopted it. They rented lodgings in the rue de l'Ouest, obtaining a lease for the same for four years, paying the rent beforehand, so that no subsequent blasts of misfortune should blow them out from their hermitage, and after this prudent precaution the four friends entered together on their new life. They followed the courses of lectures at the schools with which the "Quartier Latin" abounds, and turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of the world.

At the end of six months, however, one of them grew weary of this student-life, and left the group; at the end of a year a second of its members withdrew; in fifteen months from the time of their associating, De Balzac found himself alone. But he persevered to the end of the course of study he had marked out, attending without cessation the lectures on medicine, metaphysics, and metaphysics. At the end of the four years he quitted his retreat, and returned into the world with the *Pan de Chagrin* under one arm, and the *Physiologie du Mariage* under the other. These two works, abounding in the profound and subtle analyses of human nature, which constitute so remarkable a feature of his writings, laid the foundation of his subsequent fame.

The French have a very renowned poet—really one of the great poets the world can boast of at the present day, whose very name, *Jasmin*, (*English: Jeanne*), breathes of the perfume of his native south. Unfortunately, the poet never writes in French, but in the old Languedocian tongue, so dear to that ancient duchy, so profoundly ignored by the rest of the country. Hence, at the south, *Jasmin* is a sort of popular idol; at the north he is amazingly praised, but really little known, except as a great writer in an unknown tongue. The poet has just testosted on his eldest son—at the marriage of the latter to a number of the objects that have been offered him, at different times, as a tribute to his Muse. Among these are a gold cup presented to him in 1841, by the city of Auch; another cup offered by the city of Auch, in 1854; an inkstand and gold pen from the town of Lavaur; a silver coffee-pot from Bergerac, and a silver cross from the Orphan Asylum of the same town; a gold pen with a diamond, from the ex-Queen of France, and the ring given by the late Duke of Orleans; gold pens and rings from a lot of other great people; a brooch, representing May-blossoms, in jewels, from another noble admirer; books, beautiful linen, and rosaries, the gifts of various ecclesiastical dignitaries and religious bodies. It will be remembered that *Jasmin*, who is really a poet of the very highest order, is a barber by trade, and has stuck to his old calling amidst all the honors that have been showered upon him.

QUANTUM.

JACK DOWNING ON SPECULATION IN LAND.—The Washington American revises the following from Major Jack Downing's Letters, relative to the financial crisis of 1857. The Major was in Washington attending to some particular business for the "General," and in the midst of his labors received a letter from his cousin Ephraim, informing him that he had been disengaged with the apple business, for he had found out a way to get rich forty times as fast as by retailing apples, as the Major could by attending to political concerns, and not work hard neither.

The business was nothing more nor less than buying and selling land. He says:—"Uncle Joshua Downing—you know he's an old fox, and always knows when to jump; well, he sent me everybody was getting rich, so he went and bought a piece of township up back of Downingville, and gave his note for a thousand dollars for it. And then he sold to Uncle Jacob, and took his note for three thousand dollars, &c., down to Bill Johnson, who bought it and gave his note for six thousand dollars. So you see," says he, "there's five of them, that war't worth ninnepiece apiece (except Uncle Joshua), when their notes are paid," and winds up by advising the Major to come home by all means, forsake his longings after place and position, and buy land before it was all gone.

But the Major, it seems, was a little obtuse with regard to the practical part of the operation, for we find him writing to Ephraim:—"I can't seem to see how 'tis they all make money so fast in that land business down there, that you tell about. How could all our folks, and Bill Johnson, and all of 'em there in Downingville, make a thousand dollars apiece, just a tradin' round among themselves, when there ain't fifty dollars in money, put it altogether, in the whole town?" It rather puzzles me a little. As soon as I see 'em all get their thousand dollars cash in hand, I'll give up my commission and come home and buy some land too."

DOCTOR, HE HAS DONE IT.—A physician tells the following story, not without some regret on his part for the advice given:—"A hard working woman had a drunken husband, who, when partly sober, would get the blues and endeavor to destroy himself by taking laudanum. Twice did the wife ascertain that he had swallowed the destructive drug, and twice did the doctor restore him. Upon the second restoration the doctor addressed him as follows:—"You good for nothing scoundrel, you don't want to kill yourself, you merely want to annoy your wife and me. If you want to kill yourself, why don't you cut your throat and put an end to the matter?" Well, away went the doctor, and thought no more of his patient until, some two weeks after he was awakened from a sound nap by the tinkling of his night-bell. He put his head out of the window and inquired, "What's the matter?" "Doctor, he has done it," was the reply. "Done what?" "John has taken your advice." "What advice?" "Why, you told him to cut his throat, and he has done it, and he is unconscious dead this time!" Imagine the doctor's feelings!

To know when to stop is a divine art. The following specimens of curious punctuation will illustrate our meaning: Parosol: A protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone. Straps: An article worn under the boots of gentlemen made of calfskin. Kites: Light frames, covered with paper, sent into the air by boys with tails on them.

A correspondent makes the very unpublishable suggestion that we should divide our fellow-inhabitants into four classes:—"People, Semi-people, Semi-people, and Vulgar Frantics." He forgets that, in the Democratic currency, all human coin—gold, silver and copper—must pass alike for shillings.

A modern tourist calls the Niagara River "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

Lord Tenterden had contracted so inveterate a habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand, that once, during a circuit dinner, having asked a country magistrate if he would take venison, and receiving what he deemed an evasive reply, "Thank you, my lord, I am going to take boiled chicken," his lordship sharply retorted, "That, sir, is no answer to my question! I ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say yes or no, without further prolixity."

ANECDOTES OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nothing better illustrates Michael Angelo's character than the different modes in which he met the various criticisms upon his works, according as they were just or unjust, or, if the latter, were directed by ignorance or prejudice. When Lorenzo de Medici objected to his head of a fawn, "How is it that you have given your fawn a complete set of teeth?" Don't you know that such old fellows are sure to have lost some of them?" it seemed, says Condivi, a hundred years to the youth before Lorenzo took his leave: so anxious was he to profit by his fault: he felt to be a most just criticism. He lost no time in removing some of the teeth, and in forming the sockets which defined their places.

But when the master of ceremonies at the papal court, Biagio di Cesena, complained to the pope of Michael Angelo's great picture of the "Last Judgment," because the figures rising from their graves had not on accented robes, telling him, at the same time, that it was more suited to the walls of a bagnio than to those of a papal chapel, the artist seized his pencil, and changed the features of one of his demons into such a likeness of Biagio that it was impossible to mistake the resemblance. It is terrible to be assigned to such an immortality; yet it is impossible not to laugh in the midst of our pity at the result of Biagio's visit to the pope, to whom he went, in high displeasure, to vent his indignation.

"Where has he placed you?" said the amused pontiff. "Placed me? why, in hell," replied Biagio, with emotion. "Alas! then," rejoined the pope, "he has put you beyond the reach of my help; had it only been in purgatory, I might have delivered you; but in hell there is no redemption—in inferno nulla est redemptio."

An anecdote connected with his colossal statue of David, which best illustrates his mode of dealing with unjust, but ignorant criticism.

When, on the appointed day, the ceremonial of elevating the statue into its proper position had been gone through, in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators, Michael Angelo himself superintended the removal of the guard-boards. Soderini, who was at this moment just beneath the statue, expressed himself perfectly enchanted. "There is, however," he added, one slight defect, which can easily be corrected—the nose is rather too thick." Michael Angelo saw the words of the magistrate were placed as to be incapable of really judging of this feature; but, as there was no time for discussion, he seemed to assent to the criticism, and catching up, unperceived, some marble dust, and mounting a temporary bridge on the nose with a file, letting fall at the same moment some of the dust in his hand on the head of Soderini. He then called out, "How does it look now?" "I am perfectly satisfied," replied the confounder. "You have actually imparted life to it." The artist descended quite much pleased with the success of his stratagem as the worthy functionary with his own critical discernment.

For age's avarice I cannot see
What color, ground, or reason there should be;
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long journey to provide?
To avarice some little youth may own,
To say in autumn what's spring hath sown;
And with the promise of bees or ants,
Prevent with summer's plenty winter's wants.
But age scarce sees till death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap;
And to be so near, she's always poor,
And to avoid a mischief makes it sure,
Such madness as the fear of death to die,
Is to be poor for fear of poverty. —*Dehman*.

Many are not aware that sneezing is caused by a convulsion of the diaphragm, and if the air which is inhaled when you feel inclined to sneeze is suddenly breathed out, the sneeze will be arrested.

All knowledge is in itself of some value. A contemporary contains a notice, written by a correspondent, of a lecture lately delivered in that city by a female mendicant. He says it was "composed of every possible combination of unmeaning and high-sounding polysyllables, interspersed with circular gestures, and garnished with pulsations, and acmes and elements and throbbings, and essences, and outgrowings, and eliminations, and argute spiritualistic cognoscences. It was an attenuated concatenation of millionfold syllabic accentuation, projected tangentially from chaotic nonentity, and pulsating in an harmonious circumlocution. It was, in plain English, nonsense."

THE BENEFITS OF FAILING.—A lady said to her friend, who was about going into the store of a very excellent merchant who has paid all his notes, "You haven't failed yet?" "No," replied the friend, "I haven't failed yet."

FROM KANSAS.—At the latest accounts from the capital of Kansas, the Territorial Legislature had done nothing towards carrying out the recommendations of Governor Stanford. They had declared the Kickapoo returns fraudulent, and ousted the members from Leavenworth in consequence, giving their seats to the legally elected Republican members. The Democratic Convention had nominated General Calhoun for Governor of the State; but he declined, whereupon they nominated Frank Marshall instead, and for Lieutenant Governor, W. G. Macshall. General Denver, the new acting Governor, had not arrived in Kansas.

At a mass convention held at Leecompton on the 7th inst. resolutions were passed, pledging themselves individually and collectively to oppose to the utmost the Constitution adopted at Leecompton, and to resist every attempt made to put into operation a State Government under the same.

Special instructions have been sent to Gen. Harney, in Kansas, to use the troops, "if necessary, to preserve order, and enforce the laws, and carry out the action of the Leecompton Convention."

BUTTER MAKING—ESTIMATE OF COST.—In this Washington county, N. Y., it takes about eighteen acres to keep five cows. The land is worth \$60 an acre, and the cows \$50 each. The interest on land and cows will make the butter \$33; and it is worth \$25 to make the butter. The quality sold 600 lbs., at 20 cents, amounts to \$120—\$2 over the cost of production, provided the butter used in the family and butter milk will pay for other expenses of keeping cows. I think it is a mistaken idea among people that buy their butter, that it can be afforded for less than twenty cents a pound. Let them go to farming and make butter, and they will find it is the hardest branch of farming business.

A FARMER.

FIGHTING IN FLORIDA.—News from Florida announce several smart engagements between the United States troops and Billy Bowlegs' seminoles. In one of these conflicts Captain Parhill was killed and several soldiers wounded.

CHARLES MACKAY, the poet lecturer, writes from New York to the London Illustrated News, that the "Crinoid" of the fashionable ladies of Boston and New York is twice the circumference of that of the Parisian and London belles.

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—SEVERE PANIC IN HAMBURG.

The Canada brings advices to Dec. 5th. Many additional failures had occurred in England. The advices from Hamburg give a fearful picture of the crisis there. All business was suspended. On Friday the Senate convened an extraordinary convention of the *Bürger-schaft* to empower the former to establish a government institution for discounts, with a capital of thirty millions.

LONDON, Friday, Dec. 4.—Money was active, both at bank and in the discount market. The payments maturing today were met satisfactorily. Funds opened steadily at an advance. The Adriatic's advices produced a good effect. Several additional failures are announced at London, Amsterdam and Rotterdam.

Private advices from Paris state that the market was steady and satisfactory. The panic continues at Hamburg. Twenty prominent commercial houses failed in a single day, and others were anticipated to follow. The aggregate liabilities of the failed and weak houses are estimated at 37,000,000 marks banco. It is rumored that advances amounting to 400,000,000 have been asked for. Bills are not negotiable, and business is completely at a stand. The firm Alberg & Krammer, whose temporary suspension had been previously reported, have failed totally. Their liabilities are 12,000,000 marks banco.

The Bank of Prussia is reported as making advances on stocks.

Berlin there is comparative quiet in money matters.

The accounts from Vienna are gloomy.

There are numerous additional failures at St. Petersburg, where the crisis is alarming.

Advices received at Madrid from Cuba, state that the fleet destined to operate against Mexico, is ready to sail at a moment's warning.

Parliament was opened on the 3rd inst., by the Queen's speech, which was read to the proposed enlargement of the popular representation in the Commons.

In the House of Lords, Baron Macaulay took his seat as a Peer.

In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell gave notice that, on the 10th inst., he should move for a committee of the whole House, to consider the action of adjuration and the civil disabilities of Jews.

Mr. Henland gave notice that he should move a resolution-condemning of the principles of unlimited liability in the case of joint stock banks.

The Queen's address was agreed to, after some debate in which Mr. D'Irrell ensured generally the action of the Government.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved for a committee of the whole House, to consider the Bill, Act, and asked leave to bring in a bill to indemnify the Bank for the recent over-issue. He explained the necessity for the action the Minister took, and suggested that it might be advisable, among other reforms, to make bank notes a legal tender throughout the Kingdom.

After some opposition from Messrs. Gladstone and D'Irrell, the motion was agreed to, and the bill read for the first time.

The Levant steamship had been moved still further down the launching ways, but the ship had still 107 feet to move, before she could float. Her progress was very tedious, but her engineers had perfect control of her, and hopes were entertained for a successful result in a short time. A scaffolding erected for affording a view of the launch, broke down during the progress of the ship, and a number of persons were more or less injured. On Monday, the vessel had nearly five feet of water under her.

At a meeting of the Erie Railroad bondholders, it was resolved that the committee should be requested to receive subscriptions to the proposed new loan, and to communicate with the directors in New York, with a view to an arrangement for general protection.

The cotton market opened active, with an advance of 1/4d, but closed with a slight decline for all qualities, except middlings, the activity continuing—late news quiet.

The breadstuffs market was generally dull. Messrs. Richardson & Spence quotes flour dull, with a decline of 1/4d, since Tuesday. Wheat had a declining tendency. The advance on Tuesday was subsequently lost.

The Brokers' Circular quotes flour with an advancing tendency, and an advance of 1/4d. on wheat. Wheat is reported to have advanced 3d. by the same authority.

Corn dull. Provisions unchanged. The bullion in the Bank of England has increased during the week to £24,900,000.

The North Star arrived at New York on Saturday, but her news is not so late as the above. She brought \$50,000 in specie.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE NEW HALL.—The new hall of the House of Representatives does not give that general satisfaction which was anticipated. Mr. Leidy could not be heard at all in the gallery, and but faintly at several points on the floor, showing that the theoretical acoustic excellence of the hall is not practically proven. It is now proposed for a further trial, and to otherwise improve the hall for the business purposes of the House.

—*Washington Union*, Dec. 15.

THE NEWARK (N. J.) Mercury estimates that in the item of candles alone there of late estimate, there is a loss to purchasers in the city of Newark, in the weight of candles sold there, of about \$80,000 per annum, on account of short weight, and in the State at large, it is believed that consumers of that article are defrauded out of the enormous sum on this one article of about \$150,000 per annum.

It seems that the demand for crinoline increases to such an extent, that the present manufacture is unable to supply it. To obviate this difficulty, a manufactory is being erected at Stockbridge, Deerpark, close to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire line, by Mr. Fox, the well-known umbrella manufacturer.

The Bishop of Oxford has delivered at Reading, a long lecture in support of foreign missions. With respect to India, he strongly denominated the sanctioning and maintenance by the British authority of the native superstitions, affirming the true interpretation of the cause of England's recent disasters to be that "England has been false to England's faith, and timid of avowing England's God."

MR. LOCKMAN, having taken the advice of the highest authorities of the present day upon questions relating to the English language and literature, have signified their intention of having the word "telegram" henceforth inserted in all dictionaries published by them.

The statement derived from private messages received at Washington, relative to the election of Messrs. Shields and Steel as United States Senators from Minnesota, is without foundation, as up to the latest date that Territory no election had taken place.

The Madrid Gazette contains a royal decree, by which the Queen authorizes "her beloved and august husband the King" to confer on the child born from her Majesty's womb to give birth, "the insignia of the Golden Fleece, and of the Grand Crosses of the Orders of Charles III, Isabella the Catholic, and San Juan of Jerusalem, if a prince; and those of the Order of Noble Ladies if a princess."

POISONED BY COLORED CANDIES.—At Catskill, New York, on Monday week, Mary Lynes, a young lady residing in that village, was taken suddenly sick, while at school in the afternoon, and died at nine o'clock in the evening. She had all the symptoms of poison—and it is supposed that she was poisoned by eating colored candies.

A CHRISTIAN GROCERY.—A man in Lockport, New York, has opened a "Christian grocery." He states, in explanation of this singular heading, that he has opened a shop for the dispensation of a "little wine," and other kind of spirits, "for the stomach's sake," and that as he wished to make it a Christian shop, and wished to accommodate Christian customers, he would take for his pay, considering the hard times, all kinds of religious books, tracts, &c.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 149—Adults 76, and children 73.

THE CLARION (Pa.) Democrat states that one day last week, Mr. Wilson, of Shippensburg, Pa., killed four deer in five minutes, or in the time required to load and fire four times. He also killed one other one, snapped three caps at the sixth, and wounded the seventh, on the same day, and returned home at one o'clock.

The grand total of Baptists in the Southern States is 551,750; in the Northern, 328,300. The Methodist Church South has a membership of 550,500. In the last ten years, the Baptists have increased about 200,000 in the Southern States.

MR. ROBERT MARTIN, of Columbus, Ky., was found back of Point Pleasant, near the Mississippi river, on Wednesday week, frozen to death. He had attempted, with two other men, to cross the bottom, lost the way, got into the water and mud, and became so numbed that he had ceased all exertions and froze to death. His companions barely escaped with their lives.

THE Patrie states that the American engineers who undertook, by means of a special apparatus, to raise the Russian ship-of-war sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol, have given it up and returned to Constantinople, declaring that their contract cannot be performed, except at an enormously disproportionate cost. It appears that the river Tchernaya has brought down immense quantities of silt and gravel, which are accumulated in the harbor, the ships are now crowded in this deposit, and cannot, without much labor, be extricated.

ADVICES from China say that several missionaries there have been condemned to death.

STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS.—*Nord Deutscher*.—At a recent meeting of the Liverpool Photographic Society, Mr. Forrest introduced to the society a very novel and simple apparatus, which had been brought under his notice the previous day by a Liverpool gentleman, Mr. Gill, of Islington, by which a stereoscopic photograph can be taken with a single lens and with an ordinary camera. By Mr. Gill's process, the object looks into two mirrors joined in the centre, raised at each side so as to reflect two figures, and these being opposite the lens, two pictures are taken with one lens. But not only are the two pictures taken at one sitting, but they are mounted together, which is also a great advantage obtained by the discovery.

LOW PRICES.—Grain is selling cheap in some of the back counties of Wisconsin. At Racine, in Grant county, corn is selling at 40 to 25 cents per bushel, and wheat at 35 cents.

THE Legislatures of Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama have legalized the bank suspensions. That of Alabama until the 15th of November next.

The Governor of Florida has directed the tax collectors to receive the ordinary currency in payment of taxes due the State.

A LARGE Democratic meeting congregated in the City Park of New York, on the 17th, to respond favorably to the views expressed in the message of President Buchanan. Hon. Richard Schell presided. The speaker's platform broke down while Mr. Schell was speaking, and great excitement caused among the crowd. Fortunately, no person was injured. The meeting then proceeded to the vicinity of the City Hall, from the steps of which they were addressed.

The Bank of France, though it did not formally suspend during the recent crisis, refused to pay more than 10,000 francs (\$2,000) in one day to any one person.

AN individual was recently arrested in this city, coming out of a restaurant on Chestnut street, with a loaded pistol in his hand. Being asked by the Alderman why he carried a loaded pistol, he said he had been travelling in the country, and had just got home. Knowing it was against the law to carry a deadly weapon concealed, he took it from his pocket, and was carrying it in that way when the officer came up to him. "Was I doing wrong?" he inquired. "I don't see the necessity," said the officer, "for carrying a pistol at all in a city like this, but it is not a violation of the law to carry one exposed to the public view." The defendant was discharged.

HON. R. J. WALKER has resigned the Governorship of Kansas. Owing to the crowded state of our columns,

CONTRADICTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ALICE CARY.

I love the deep quiet—all buried in leaves,
To sit the day long just as idle as air,
Till the spider grows tame at my elbow, and weaves,
And toadstools come up in a row round my chair.

I love the new furrows—the cones of the pine,
The grasshopper's chirp, and the hum of the note;
And short pasture-grass where the clover-blossoms shine
Like red buttons set on a holiday coat.

Flocks packed in the hollows—the droning of bees,
The stubble so brittle—the damp and flat fen;
Old homesteads I love, in their clusters of trees,
And children and books, but not women nor men.

Yet, strange contradiction! I live in the sound
Of a sea-stridling city—'tis thus that it fell,
And you, oh, how many have gone since I found
A cheer for the harvest, or drank at a well.

And if, kindly reader, one moment you wait
To measure the poor little niche that you fill,
I think you will own it is custom or fate
That has made you the creature you are, not your will.

RETRENCHMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CATHERINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

"Is it not time for us to think of retrenchment, my dear?" said Mr. Livingston to his wife, as he reclined in the depths of a luxurious easy-chair before a glowing grate. "Retrenchment is the watchword now, and a very reasonable and seasonable one."

Mrs. Livingston looked inquiringly into her husband's face, and there was a shade of anxiety in the tone of her voice as she inquired, "Is there a necessity for it in our case, my dear?"

"Not exactly a necessity, I am happy to say. It is rather a measure of expediency than necessity. Every man ought to ask if he cannot lessen his expenses at such a time as this. As I said, retrenchment is the watchword now."

"It ought to be with many, no doubt; but I cannot see why all should adopt it. It is a medicine very wholesome for those who need it; an excellent cure for those suffering the ill induced by extravagance, folly, and dishonesty. Let all those who have been living on other people's money try it. But why should we try it? Our expenses have ever been a wise and reasonable proportion to our income, and you admit that even now there is no necessity for retrenchment."

"That is true. Still I think, in these hard times, it is wise to cut off all unnecessary expenses. There is a propriety in doing so. Besides, the claims of charity will be great this coming winter. There will be an immense amount of suffering among the poor, and we should cheerfully economize that we may have more to bestow on the needy and suffering."

"There is something in that certainly," said Mrs. Livingston, who was never very pertinacious in her opposition to any plan proposed by her husband. "But where shall we begin?"

"Have we not more servants than we really need? We have quite a number, and I think might spare one or two without serious inconvenience."

After a thoughtful silence Mrs. Livingston said, "I could spare Mary. I really don't need her very much, though she is such a good, faithful creature that I shall regret to part with her."

"If you can spare her without inconvenience I think you had better send her away. Can't we find some other place to economize?"

"I might dismiss the girl who has done plain sewing for us for a month past. I told her I should want her two months, and I could easily find work for her that time; but I can do without her services very well, and I will dismiss her on Saturday night if you think it best."

Mr. Livingston assented. Retrenchment in other departments was discussed, and various plans proposed, some of which were adopted, and others laid on the table for future consideration.

Three weeks later Mr. Livingston observed to his wife with an air of comfortable self-satisfaction, "My dear, I am more convinced every day that we were right in the plans we adopted three weeks ago. I can assure you it is hard times for poor people. A poor fellow came to me to-day. He was out of work, and six children to support. He told a pitiful story."

"I hope you helped him."

"Yes, I gave him twenty dollars, a portion of what we have saved by economy."

The next evening Mr. Livingston settled himself in his easy-chair with a grave and somewhat troubled look. The expression of his countenance was that of a man whose self-complacency had been seriously disturbed. Mrs. Livingston was quick to observe this. She waited some time for her husband to break the silence; but seeing that he was not disposed to do it she said, "You look grave to-night, Edward. Has anything occurred to annoy you?"

"Not unless you call it annoyance for a man to discover that he has been acting unwisely and without due consideration, when he really supposed that he was doing a very wise thing."

"Is that your case, my dear?" said Mrs. Livingston, in a tone in which wifely sympathy and womanly anxiety were about equally blended.

"Precisely."

"Please explain yourself."

"You remember the plans for retrenchment adopted three weeks ago?"

"I do; and it was only yesterday that you were decanting on the wisdom of the proceeding of that evening."

"That is true; but I have learned since then this wisdom was folly, not to call it by a harder name. But I will tell you what has opened my eyes. You remember what I said to you about the poor fellow whom I assisted yesterday? This morning I mentioned the circumstance to my friend, Mr. Chase, as we were speaking of the hard times and the sufferings of the poor. To my surprise he exclaimed earnestly, 'I would not have given the fellow a cent.' 'Why not?' I inquired. 'Out of work, with six children to feed, is he not an object of charity?'

"No; the fellow came to me with the same story a week ago. I pitied him of course, and offered him work at low wages until he could better; but he scornfully rejected the proposal. Now such a man I do not wish to help. There

are hundreds who would gratefully accept of even moderate wages. I made him the best offer I could afford, and it would have kept his family from absolute suffering until the times are better."

"If I had known the fact you have stated, I would have kept my money for a more deserving object," I replied.

"My plan," continued Mr. Chase, "is to give employment to as many as possible these hard times. I believe it is the most benevolent investment of money, and will secure us from becoming the dupes of those who make the hard times an excuse for idleness and riotous gatherings."

"I suspect you are right," I said, gravely and thoughtfully; for a new light was breaking in upon my mind.

Half-an-hour after Mr. Chase left the store, his brother-in-law, Mr. Mills, came in.

"Are you in want of a female domestic?" he inquired.

"I am not," I replied, "but why do you ask?"

"I met with a case of suffering yesterday that touched my sympathies. A poor girl, of neat and modest appearance, came into my store to inquire if I did not wish to hire her. On my replying in the negative, she eagerly inquired if I did not know of some one who wanted to hire. On again receiving a negative, the tears coursed down her pale, thin cheeks, for very pale and thin they were, and she turned away with a despairing ejaculation that went to my heart. I called her back and made inquiries into her circumstances. It was a sorrowful tale. Her father fell from the roof of a house three months ago, and was so injured that he has not left his bed since. She had two brothers and a sister, all too young to earn anything. Her mother had taken in sewing for the shops, and she had gone out to service, and they had managed to keep want from their door. But now she had been out of a place for three weeks, her mother could get no sewing, and they are starving. This last statement was fully corroborated by her own cadaverous appearance. I sent her to the house to get something to eat."

"When I went home to dinner, my wife, with swimming eyes, told me about her call. When food was placed before her, she begged to be allowed to carry it home, instead of eating it herself, declaring that it almost broke her heart to think of poor Sammy and Charles and little Tiny, who had been crying for bread all the morning. When told to satisfy her appetite, she said a basket was filled for her to take home, she felt at it as one half-starved, yet as soon as the basket was ready, she would remain no longer, but hastened with it to her starving family."

"This tale of suffering, related by my friend, touched my heart. I learned from him where the poor family were to be found, and that very hour I repaired to their dwelling. Judge of my surprise when I found this girl was no other than Mary herself. Her dismissal from our service, at a time when situations are so difficult to be obtained, had brought a deserving family to the brink of starvation. Of course I relieved their present necessities, and told Mary to come back to us to-morrow morning. They overcame me with expressions of gratitude; but I felt more like a culprit than a benefactor."

"But you did not intend any wrong," said Mrs. Livingston.

"True; but I adopted a wrong course of conduct, without due consideration. Strange I did not use a little common sense, and ask myself what Mary would do, if thrown out of employment at such a time. We began retrenchment in the wrong place."

"I observed that Mary looked very downcast when I informed her that we should require her services no longer. But Lucy Tilton looked even more sad than Mary."

"Lucy Tilton?"

"Yes; the girl who sewed for us."

"Ah, I remember now. Another sad mistake, very likely. Do you know where she lives? We must ascertain if she is suffering."

Mrs. Livingston was able to give the street and number of her residence. The next day Mr. Livingston made his way thither. His call was most opportune. As he ascended the stairs leading to the humble apartment of the sewing-girl, he heard, issuing from the room pointed out to him as Miss Tilton's, the rough, harsh voice of a man, and the sobs of a female.

The story was soon told. Lucy had been unable to obtain work since the day she was dismissed from the employ of Mrs. Livingston. She could not pay the month's rent of her room, and she and her little all were being ejected from it. Mr. Livingston hastened to repair the mischief of this second measure of retrenchment. The rent was paid, and Lucy was informed that there was plenty of sewing for her at the house of her old patron.

"I have learned a lesson," said Mr. Livingston to his wife that evening. "Not retrenchment, but wise expenditure, shall be my motto this winter. That addition to my store, which I had given up on account of the hard times, shall be built. I can afford it well enough, and I will seek some worthy mechanic, out of employment, and give him the job. That new cistern, too, shall be made. Let those who should and those who must, retrench; but let those who have to spend, spend wisely and well. He who hoards up his Master's wealth when he should expend it, may be not less criminal than he who squanders it. Mr. Chase is right; I will follow his example, and give employment to as many as possible this winter, while I do not forget the suffering who are unable to work."

ANTQUITY OF THE TERM "OLD FOGY."—Having seen it frequently asserted that the word "fogy," so often used in modern political papers, as expressing a man behind the age, a fossil ignorant of his country's progress, &c., is the invention of some crotch philosopher of the day, I beg leave to quote a passage from the *European Magazine* of January, 1792, to show that the word, little or no value as it may have, has at least a more ancient origin. In a petition from Lieutenant George Drake, of the Marines, to Doctor B——, for an invalid lieutenantcy, occurs this passage:—

"Pray what's the cause, grave Doctor, there's such work kicked up about these invalid ladies?"

Here the word has exactly the shade of meaning with which the fancy of modern politicians has invested it.—*N. Y. Observer.*

WAS JOHN BUNYAN A GIPSY?

Who has not heard of the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," of which work Macaulay writes:—

"For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator and the divine, this homely dialect—the dialect of plain workmen—was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language," as the *Pilgrim's Progress*; "no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed."

Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the *Paradise Lost*, the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Yet, perhaps, there is a large proportion of Christians, in this country and Great Britain, who would be shocked at the bare mention that it was possible to prove that John Bunyan was of Gypsy parentage. We have been allowed to look over some of the pages of a forthcoming work, soon to be published in this city, on the subject of a history of the Gipsies, containing, among a vocabulary of the Gipsy language, the matter is mainly from the pen of the late William Simson, a gentleman eminently qualified for the work, and is edited by his son, James Simson, with preface, introduction, and notes, and a disquisition on the past, present and future of Gipsydom. We were very much struck with the work, so far as we examined it, and believe it will be the most intelligent and authentic, that has yet been published. So far, we are comparatively in ignorance of the origin, history, habits and character of the Gipsy race; and though we occasionally meet them in small parties strolling about the country, they are scarcely regarded with more interest than is attached to any other class of vagabonds. It is a mystery how they live, as they are not known to work. They always have plenty of money, and when they travel, they go in strong and rosy covered wagons, drawn by stout, well-fed horses. Wherever they encamp, they are visited by crowds of idle and curious people, many of whom seek them to get their fortunes told, and in this way, and by theft, it is supposed they get their subsistence, and the men, in particular, are believed to be remarkable adepts in running off horses and robbing hen-roosts.

It is to this class of people that the author of the work in question seeks to attach the name of John Bunyan, by an attempt to prove that he was of Gipsy descent and parentage. The opposite side has been very strongly taken by other writers, but not, in our opinion, with the same strength of argument that is maintained by Mr. Simson. We would like to quote all he says on the subject, but for want of space, the following will have to suffice for the present:

The prejudice against the name of Gipsy was apparently as great in Bunyan's time as it is now; and there was evidently as great delicacy on the part of mixed fair-haired Gipsies to own the blood then as now, and actual danger; for then it was hangable to be a Gipsy. When the name of Gipsy was by law proscribed, what other name would they all go under but tinkers—their own occupation? Those only would be called by the public "Gipsies," whose appearance indicated the pure, or nearly pure Gipsy. However much, in conversation, Bunyan might have hid his blood, he virtually acknowledged it when he said: "For my descent, it was, as is known to many, of low and inconsiderate generation; my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land." Of whom does Bunyan speak here if not of the Gipsies? He says of all the families of the land. (The italics are my own.) Well might Southey remark: "Wherefore this tinkering should have been so mean and despised a calling, is not however apparent, when it was not followed as a vagabond employment; but, as in this case, exercised by one who had a settled habitation; and who, mean as his condition was, was nevertheless able to put his son to school, in an age when very few of the poor were taught to read and write." The fact is, that Bunyan's father had a *town* beat, which would give him a settled residence, prevent him using a tent, and lead him to conform with the ways of the ordinary inhabitants; but doubtless he had his pass from the chief of the Gipsies for the district. The same may be said of John Bunyan himself.

Bunyan's very appearance indicated him to be a mixed Gipsy; for according to Scott, he was "tall and broad set, though not corpulent; he had a ruddy complexion, with sparkling eyes and hair inclining to red," and likewise the way in which he married; for according to Southey, it is said that he and his wife "came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon between them." His boyhood likewise indicated the Gipsy; for he seems to have been at the bottom of much of the devilment practiced by the youth of his native village. See, then, when he was confined to Bedford jail, how naturally he took on to making tagged laces, to enable him to support his wife and family. But the greatest possible weight attaches to the question which he put to his father, if he was of *feralish blood*; a question which I have heard put by Gipsy lads to their parent (a very much mixed Gipsy), which was answered thus: "We must have been among the Jews, for some of our ceremonies are like theirs."

How little does a late writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* know of the feelings of a mixed Gipsy like Bunyan, when he says: "Did he belong to the Gipsies, we have little doubt that he would have dwelt on it with a sort of spiritual exultation; and that of his having been called out of Egypt would have been to him one of the proofs of Divine favor. We cannot imagine him suppressing the fact or disguising it."

This is a description in every respect applicable to many mixed British Gipsies. The race seems to have had a predilection for fair or red hair in such children as have been brought up and incorporated with the body. Should a fair-haired native marry a full-blooded Gipsy, the issue would show some children like the one parent, and some like the other. Should a second crossing take place with a native, the issue will show still less of the Gipsy. Such crossing continued, soon crosses the Gipsy out to appearance, still not altogether so; for the Gipsy will come up, but in a modified form. Mr. Borrow describes a half-blood, but a thorough Gipsy, in the person of a half-pay captain in the service of Donna Isabel, as follows:— "He had hazel hair, his eyes small, and like ferrets' red; and fiery; his complexion like a brick or dull red, checked with spots of purple."

It is very apparent that this writer never conversed with a Gipsy, at least a mixed one; or at all events, never directed his attention to the question of his feelings in owning himself to the public to be a Gipsy. Where is the point in this reviewer's remarks? His remarks have no point. What occasion had Bunyan to mention he was a Gipsy? What purpose would it have served? How would it have advanced his mission as a minister? Considering the prejudices that have always existed against that unfortunate word Gipsy, it would have created a pretty sensation among all parties if Bunyan had said that he was a Gipsy. "What," the people would have asked, "a Gipsy turned priest? We'll have the devil turning priest next!" Considering the many enemies which the tinkering bishop had to contend with, many of whom even sought his life, he would have given them a pretty occasion of revenging themselves upon him, had he said he was a Gipsy. They would soon have put the law in force, and stretched his neck for him."

The same writer goes on to say: "In one passage at least—and we think there are more in Bunyan's works—the Gipsies are spoken of in such a way as would be most unlikely if Bunyan thought he belonged to that class of vagabonds." I am not aware as to what the reviewer alludes to; but should Bunyan even have denominated the conduct of the Gipsies in the strongest terms imaginable—called them even vagabonds and what not—would that have been otherwise than what he did with sinners generally? Should a clergyman denounce the ways and morals of every man of his parish, does that make him think less of being a native of the parish himself? Should a man even denounce his own children as being vagabonds, does that prevent him from being their father? It is even a common thing to meet with Scottish Gipsies who will speak with apparently the greatest horror of what people imagine to be exclusively Gipsies; and they doubtless do that sincerely, for I know many of them who have no feelings in common with the *seags* of the *tented Gipsies*.

I think I need hardly say anything further to show that Bunyan was a Gipsy. All that is wanted to make him a Gipsy for certainty, is but for him to have added to his account of his descent: "In other words, I am a Gipsy." But I have given reasons to show that such verbal admission on his part was, in a measure, impossible. I do not ask for an argument to show that Bunyan was not a Gipsy, for an argument to show that he was not a Gipsy is impracticable; but what I ask for is an exposition of the animus of the man who does not wish that he should have been a Gipsy. That he was a Gipsy is beyond a doubt. To the genius of a poor Gipsy, and the grace of God combined, the world is indebted for the noblest production that ever proceeded from an uninspired man. Impugn it who list.

* Justice Keeling threatened him with this fate *even for preaching the Gospel*; for, said he: "If you do not submit to go to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm; and if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, or be found to come over again without special license from the king, you must stretch by the neck for it. I tell you plainly."

Sir Matthew Hale tells us that on one occasion, at the Suffolk Assizes, no less than thirteen Gipsies were executed upon the old Gipsy statutes, a few years before the Restoration.

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[The *Milliarum Annum*, or the Golden Mile-Stone, was a gilt marble pillar in the Forum at Rome, from which, as a central point, the great roads of the empire diverged through the several gates of the city, and the distances were measured.]

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Affect in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering fire-light,
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer;
Social households,
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And, like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree,
For its freedom
Glimpses and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeling rural cities in the ashes.
Aking sadly
Of the Past what it can never restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair with stately stairways,
Aking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors only,
Wife and husband,
And above them God, the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone—
Is the central point from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead!

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.

RIGHTS OF WIDOWS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—September 25, 1749. Then did Nathan Sherburne take the widow Mary Tabor, in her shift, without headcloth, and barefoot, and led her across the highway, where two highwaymen met, as the law directs in such cases, and was then married, according to law, by Mr. Philip Taber, minister of Dartmouth.—*MS. Records of Dartmouth, extracted by J. L. 1856.*

This ceremony it is said was performed from a belief that the husband debt was thereby released from all pecuniary liabilities contracted by the widow previous to her marriage with him.

A FEATURE OF GOOD IN OUR LITERATURE.

From an address recently delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, Scotland, by the very Rev. Principal Tulloch, we take the following well written and sensible paragraph:—

I may be excused for advertising still more particularly to a feature of our present literature, which has for me very great interest, and more than any other perhaps enhances its educational value—I mean the earnest spirit of humanity that it everywhere breathes. There is an inspiration of high affection and of kindly sympathy in it that is unprecedented. The poetry of Tennyson and Mrs. Browning, for example—is it to mention any other names—how full is it of an impassioned spirit of philanthropy, of intense yearning over worldly wrong and error, "ancient forms of party strife," and of lofty longing after a higher good than the world has yet known—

"Sweeter manners, purer laws,
The larger heart, the kinder hand!"

It is impossible for the young to love such poetry and study it without a kindling in them of some of the same affectionate interest in human welfare, and aspiration after human improvement. The most popular of our writers of fiction partake of the same spirit. Life is presented by them, if not in its fully sacred reality, yet as an earnest conflict with actual evils, duties, and trials—a varied movement neither of frivolity nor profligacy (as in many of our older novels), but of work and passion, of mirth and sorrow; and we are made to feel how true and kindred is the picture before us. It comes home to us, moving us with a deeper indignation at wrong, or a holier tenderness for suffering, or a greater admiration of those simple virtues of gentleness and love and long-suffering which, more than all heroic deeds, make life beautiful, and purify and brighten home. A literature thus true to the highest interests of humanity—seeking its worthiest inspirations and most touching pictures in that common life we all live—in the darkness and the light that are in all human hearts—the wrongs and sufferings, the joys and griefs, the struggles and heroisms that are around us everywhere—a literature of this character has, I believe, with all its faults, a seed of untold good in it; and, forming as it does the chief mental food of thousands of young men, it cannot fail to develop virtue, and strengthen true and generous and Christian principle.

It is undoubtedly in this manner by linking itself to the progress of humanity, and working in the great cause of its purification and happiness, and not merely as a dilettanti recreation or grave, moral schoolmaster, that literature will most surely vindicate its divine mission. There is a noble field before it in this way, in which, while leaving the pulpit to its own work, it may yet tread closely on its function. While the latter claims under heavenly sanction to expound the Divine truth above us, the former can no less claim under the highest sanction to unfold the Divine meaning that is around us everywhere—to point out the infinite beauty of all nature's aspects, and the infinite sacredness of human relations and obligations—to represent the glories of Providence, and the lessons of history—and thus in some sort, too, to prove "a light unto the feet, and a lantern unto the path." For as Milton grandly says—"These abilities, wherever they are found, are the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation; and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbue and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to ally the perturbations of the mind, and to set the affections in a right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought with high Providence in His Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints; to depict triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship—Whatever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever had passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties or reflexes of man's thought from within—all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe. Teaching over the whole book of sanctity, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those, especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed, that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed."

Justice Keeling threatened him with this fate *even for preaching the Gospel*; for, said he: "If you do not submit to go to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm; and if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, or be found to come over again without special license from the king, you must stretch by the neck for it. I tell you plainly."

Sir Matthew Hale tells us that on one occasion, at the Suffolk Assizes, no less than thirteen Gipsies were executed upon the old Gipsy statutes, a few years before the Restoration.

FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.
THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.
BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[The *Milliarum Annum*, or the Golden Mile-Stone, was a gilt marble pillar in the Forum at Rome, from which, as a central point, the great roads of the empire diverged through the several gates of the city, and the distances were measured.]

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Affect in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering fire-light,
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer;
Social households,
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And, like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree,
For its freedom
Glimpses and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeling rural cities in the ashes.
Aking sadly
Of the Past what it can never restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair with stately stairways,
Aking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors only,
Wife and husband,
And above them God, the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone—
Is the central point from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead!

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.

RIGHTS OF WIDOWS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—September 25, 1749. Then did Nathan Sherburne take the widow Mary Tabor, in her shift, without headcloth, and barefoot, and led her across the highway, where two highwaymen met, as the law directs in such cases, and was then married, according to law, by Mr. Philip Taber, minister of Dartmouth.—*MS. Records of Dartmouth, extracted by J. L. 1856.*

This ceremony it is said was performed from a belief that the husband debt was thereby released from all pecuniary liabilities contracted by the widow previous to her marriage with him.

Tea is a stimulant, and so is any other nutritive article. That which imparts no stimulus is not fit for food. An ordinary meal stimulates the pulse to a greater activity by five or ten per cent.

Tea, being used warm, and at meal time, promotes digestion by its warmth, as any other warm drink would do.

Any cold drink, even water, taken at meal time, arrests the progress of digestion, until it is raised to a heat of about a hundred degrees, at which it is too long protracted, convulsions follow, and sometimes death—as has happened to children many times by eating a couple of hard boiled eggs hastily, or upon an empty stomach, or, indeed, eating much of any indigestible article.

Thus it is, that, so far as the use of tea at our meals banishes the use of cold water at meals, it is a safeguard.

Late and hearty suppers destroy multitudes, either outright in a night, or in the insidious progress of months and years. It is almost

the universal custom to take tea for supper. It is a stimulant. It aids the stomach in digesting more than it would have done, just in proportion to its stimulating qualities. And as all eat too much at supper time, the general use of warm tea as a drink at the last meal of the day is beneficial in the direction just named.

True wisdom lies in the moderate use of all the good things of this life.

It is stated, that at a tea party of sixty old women in England, it was ascertained that they were the mothers of eight hundred and sixty nine children.

The presumption is that these women were tea-drinkers habitually, and it is equally inferable that they did not drink it very "weak;" yet they were healthy enough to be old, and healthy enough to be the mothers of large families. An isolated fact proves nothing, but this one is suggestive.

It is then safer and healthier to take a cup of warm tea for supper than a glass of cold water.

With our habits of hearty suppers, it is better to take a cup of warm tea than to take no drink at all.

By the extravagant use of tea, many persons pass their nights in restlessness and dreams, without being aware of the cause of it. We advise each to experiment on themselves, and omit the tea altogether at supper, for a few times, and notice the result.

If you sleep better, it is clear that you have been using too much tea, in quantity or strength.

In order to be definite, we consider the following to be a moderate use of tea: a single cup at each meal as to quantity; as to strength, measure it out thus: put a tea-spoonful in a hot tea-pot; pour on a quart of boiling water; two-thirds of a tea-cup of this, adding a third of cream, or boiling milk, or hot water, with sugar or not; this is strong enough.

We believe that such use of China teas, by excluding cold drinks at our meals, and by their nutritious and pleasantly stimulating character, may be practiced for a life-time to very great advantage, without any drawback whatever; coffee also.

We believe that the world, and all that is created upon it, is for man, and that the rational use of its good things will promote the health and happiness of all mankind.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"PATIENT GRISEL."—

The story of "Patient Grisell" is known to us all. Some people admire it. I do not—never did—never understood how it should fail to revolt a pure conscience. Still, as there are records of such women in song and story, as novels recognize the type, and as the police reports sometimes contain specimens of it, I am bound to believe in Grisels. Only she never happened to cross my path. Mr. Carlyle avers that he could never catch the "Distressed Needlewoman" of newspapers and books. I aver that I

SINGLE FOR LIFE.

With crimson lips apart, and upraised eyes,
She sits alone in twilight's still calm
The pale moonlight across her white brow lies,
The evening breeze blows on her wings rich hair,
And from the steeple's top the bell pours forth
The vesper psalm.

Sad memory, faithful, points to shed thoughts
Back,
To girlhood's glances, rainbow-colored dreams,
When silver clouds hung over her young life's track,
And emerald trees bent over crystal streams,
And all the gorgeous shining web of life
Was golden gleams.

Bright o'er her guileless heart Love's morning broke;
To nobler joys her ardent pulses thrilled;
A thousand unknown blisses in her wake;
She paused—she loved, she worshipped, half un-
willing—
And then, ere long, a mellow, dreamy light
Her dark eye filled.

The birds' sweet notes were rivalled by her song—
The dear gazelle was not more fleet than she—
She had an ear for every poor man's wrong.
A tear to shed for all in agony:
Her ready hand gave lavishly, as the streams
Gave to the sea.

A brief, glad space—her pure trust was betrayed;
Her clinging heart untwined and cast away;
Her whole soul's love, against bright, red gold was
weighed,
And rayless night was born of glowing day;
The rich-bowed clouds, which draped her path, were
changed
To sullen gray.

A time of weeping—oh! so wild and dread:
Whole weeks in waiting, months in anguish passed;
Then, when her eyes have no more tears to shed,
She takes of her face, love one look—the last—
Then tears the altar down—his image spurns:
Iconoclast!

Life seems a desert, paved with burning sands,
Curtained with cold, black-bosomed, dizzy skies;
Her rough way through it, bound with wounding
bands.

Filled full of angry gleaming serpent eyes,
The trees and flowers gaunt skeletons and writhals,
The breeze—her sighs.

She loves no more! Break off the tender vine,
And fresh, green sprouts in time will spring again;
Cast in the waves a stone, the eddying whine
Smooths over all, and leaves without a stain—
But break a heart, and its rent chords can ne'er
Tune to Love's strain!

A sweet old maid! pensive, and good, and kind;
Her great soul chartered in red sing fire!
Lovely in form and face—a saint in mind—
A very angel in each pure desire!
A brave, true woman doing duty here—
And looking higher.

Faith, Hope, and Trust around her bow their arms;
She leans her head on Truth's protecting breast—
Virtue at her right hand wards off all harms,
And angels fan her when she sinks to rest—
And God has sealed, within the Book of Life,
Her name, so blest!

FRENCH JUSTICE IN ALGERIA.

THE FELON BUSH.

SCENE I.—The interior audience-chamber pre-
sided over by the French Resident, who is sur-
rounded by his suite. Inside the kadi and other
native official persons; outside—com-
plainants, witnesses, messengers, and the whole
medley of the Arab population.

French Resident. (To his chaouch—a sort of
beadle, constable, and crier united.) Admit a
complainant.

The Chaouch. Instantly. (He opens the door,
and leads in the arm a young man tolerably
well dressed, with a pale face, a sprouting beard,
very restless eyes, and in general aspect timid
and embarrassed. The youth casts an uncer-
tain glance over the assembly, and begins shu-
tling, without knowing where to address himself.)

Plaintiff. I have been robbed! I have been
robbed!

F. R. Of what have you been robbed? And
where did the robbery take place?

P. (Without attending to the question.) I
come to make a complaint. I have been robbed.
(He turns his head in every direction, not know-
ing to whom he has replied, and seems com-
pletely in a maze.)

Chaouch. But don't you see? Look towards
the Agha (the title the Arabs generally give to
the chief officer of the bureau), since he is the
person you have to address. There; see where
he is! Turn yourself in that direction.

P. I invoke Allah and his justice! I invoke
Allah and his justice! I invoke Allah and his
justice! I have been robbed!

F. R. You have already said so. But answer
me. Of what have you been robbed? and in
what tribe did the robbery take place?

P. I beg your pardon. I do not understand
you. (Shouting.) I do not understand French.

F. R. But I fancied I spoke to you in the
purest possible Arabic. You cannot have listen-
ed attentively. (Raising his voice.)—Open your
ears: I am speaking to you in Arabic, and not
in French.

C. (To the plaintiff.) How's this? Don't you
know he is speaking Arabic?—he speaks it bet-
ter than you or I. By the head of the prophet,
your senses must be turned topsy-turvy.

P. (To the chaouch.) I thought that as he
was dressed in the French fashion, he talked in
the same way. But I did understand the last
words he said. True; he speaks Arabic. That
will be convenient for the settlement of my busi-
ness.

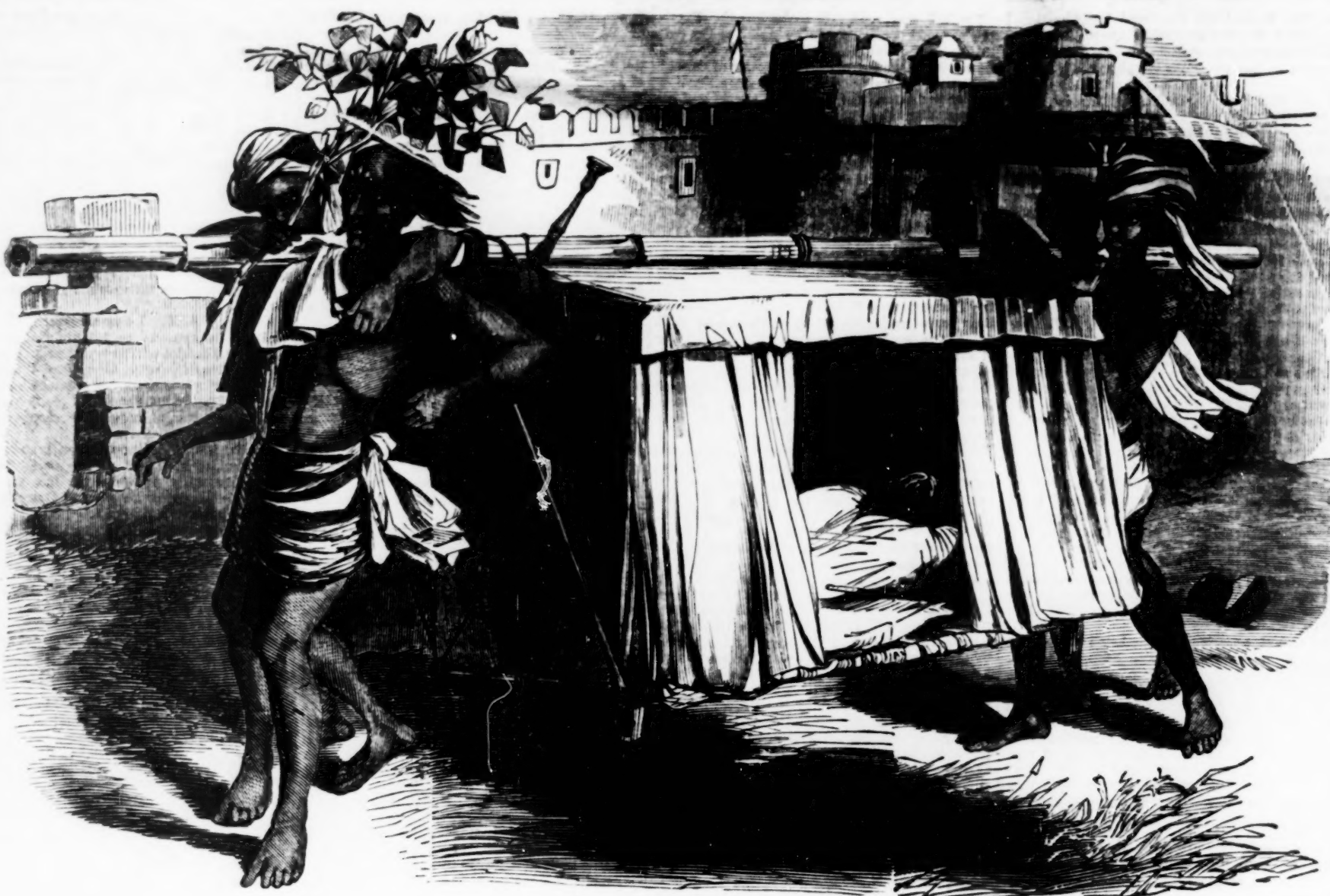
F. R. Well, then, since you understand me
now, just answer my first questions. Of what
have you been robbed? and where did the rob-
bery take place?

P. Bou Tekrouide has stolen my mule.
F. R. What? Bou Tekrouide, the kadi of the
Ouled Medaguin? You doubtless mean to say
some of his people; for he himself has mules
enough without stealing them on the highway.

Bou Tekrouide. (To the plaintiff.) Ah! Si
Hamed, you are a mylord (a title ordinarily
given by the Arabs to their marabouts, priests,
or saints); can you really assert that I have ever
stolen anything from any one?

P. It was not you; but it was your people.
F. R. Tell me how the affair happened, that I
may be a little enlightened upon the subject.

P. (Somewhat more at ease.) I went to bor-
row a mule, (a law-book) from the Ouled
Sidi Calhah, marabouts of the Ouled Medaguin.
I arrived there in the evening at nightfall, and
I tied up my mule, without suspicion, at the door
of my host's tent. The ground was perfectly
naked; there was not a single hiding-place for
thieves. And, besides, I thought that the Ouled
Medaguin, like other people, would respect the
property of their marabouts, for fear of drawing
down the vengeance of Heaven. I went to rest,
then, in perfect tranquillity. During the night, I
arose to go and breathe the air, and went up to
my mule.



HINDOSTANEE DHOOLIE, USED BY HOSPITALS AND IN THE FIELD.

a bush which I met with, at twenty paces' dis-
tance from the tent. When I lay down again,
the idea of this bush continued to haunt me. It
appeared to me that I had not seen it on arriv-
ing the previous evening. Nevertheless, I went
to sleep again. A few instants afterwards, I
was once more awake; and, casting a glance
upon my mule, I perceived in front of her a
bush, on which she seemed to be browsing. I
looked towards the position of the other, and
could see nothing of it. The two bushes were
so exactly alike, that the thought struck me that
perhaps the ancestor of the Ouled Sidi Calhah—
Allah have mercy upon him!—had done me the
favor to transport the former to my mule, to re-
place her straw, which was running short. I
could not, in fact, admit the possibility of the
bush's having travelled alone, without the aid of
some supernatural power. I was puzzled and
absorbed in my reflections, still gazing at my
animal. All on a sudden, I observed my bush to
shake and tremble; and then a man got out of
it, jumped upon the back of my mule, and started
off at full gallop. I was robbed. The bush was
a man. It was an Ouled Medaguin—my Allah
curse them! I comprehended then, to my sor-
row, the marvellous travels of that diabolical
bush; and that I should take the air close by it,
and see nothing all the while! By the benedic-
tion of my grandfather, Si Hamed—Allah have
mercy upon him!—it is too bad.

F. R. It is certainly a singular mode of steal-
ing.

Bou Tekrouide. Gracious Allah! there is no-
thing at all surprising in it. The Ouled Meda-
guin are always in that way. I am their kadi,
but I do not attempt to conceal their little fail-
ings. They are thieves, 'tis true; but that is the
very reason why people should be cautious when
they pass the night in their company.

F. R. A pleasant answer! Are you not aware
that it is your duty to protect strangers, and
that the orders on this subject are precise? And
then, who would mistrust a bush, and suppose
it to be the means of such diabolical tricks?

B. T. But bush-thieving is well known
throughout the whole country. (With some
pride.)—The Ouled Medaguin are the inventors
of it. Under the Turks, when the police was
inefficient, they practised it on a grand scale.
I shall never forget the thirty camels and seven-
teen mares, that were carried off in this way in
one single night, from a caravan which came
from the south to purchase grain. Forty-seven
Medaguins, exactly the number of the stolen
animals, transformed themselves into bushes,
and insensibly approached, to be eaten by their
future prey, under the very noses of the masters
and the watchmen whom they had appointed.

Then, at a given signal, every bush sent forth its
man, and every man took possession of his beast,
to the great astonishment of the people, who be-
lieved the whole thing the work of the devil,
and took the Ouled Medaguins to be his mis-
tifying demons.

F. R. Faith! they were not far from the
truth. The devil alone can have sent into the
world such people as the Ouled Medaguin. Is
there no possibility of improving them, except
by utter extermination?

B. T. Oh, but they are greatly changed, ever
since you have governed the country. Certainly,
they would take good care now how they played
such a trick. Some time ago they decided, in
their council of notables, to give up bush-thiev-
ing, as carrying things a little too far; and
therefore I am greatly surprised to hear what
has happened to Si Hamed. It is really in-
credible.

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F. R. It is perfectly credible, according to
my ideas. It is, moreover, a very easy matter
to set right; you will tell your people that I
allow them a fortnight to restore the mule, and
to catch the thief. If, at the end of that time,
they have not done so, they shall reimburse its
value to the owner, and pay into the treasury a
fine of ten times that amount. (To Si Hamed.)
—How much was your mule worth?

P. My mule! She was the handsomest mule
in the place. Every one will testify that such a
mule was never seen for perfection of form and
sweetness of pace. She was worth at least two
hundred dours. I refused a hundred and eighty
at the last market.

B. T. Two hundred dours for your mule!
May Sidi-Ben-Abd-Allah blind my eyes and cripple
my limbs, if she was worth so much as
thirty!

P. By the justice of the Master of Worlds!
—by the benediction of the Holy Chamber, I
have only spoken the truth! May Sidi-Bon-
Kari with my tongue, and punish me to the
twentieth generation, if I have lied!

F. R. In this fashion, I see it is impossible
to arrive at the truth by means of either testi-
mony. You both of you swear with equal fi-
delity; and the assertion of the one is as good as
that of the other. I shall elsewhere obtain in-
formation as to the value of the mule; and as
that is not required till the interval allowed the
Ouled Medaguin has elapsed, I shall have plenty
of time for it. (To Si Hamed.)—You may now
retire; you will return in a fortnight. (To Bou
Tekrouide.)—And you, remember my condi-
tions.

B. T. I will do what Allah has written. Do
not require impossibilities.

F. R. I shall know how to appreciate your ef-
forts.

ARAB LOVE.

SCENE II.—A female plaintiff is introduced, a
girl of eighteen, beautiful both in face and figure,
of the Arab type in its purest form, and as sim-
ply and neatly dressed as a woman of the mid-
dle rank can be. Unlike the plaintiffs of the
other sex, she seems perfectly competent to
state her case, and expresses herself with a
clearness and decision that are rarely met with
in Arab women. It is evident that she is under
the influence of some genuine and powerful sen-
timent; in other words, that her soul is illumined
by a ray of faith. She commences speaking,
without requiring to be interrogated.

Plaintiff. I am come to you, because here
neither justice nor truth is to be found, except
among the French. It is useless for them to
deceive us, and shut us up in our tents; we see
your works, and we know you well.

French Resident. My daughter, your words
impress me with a favorable opinion of you.
Speak without fear; and be assured that every-
thing possible shall be done to aid you.

P. Oh! I do speak without alarm. It is not
here that a woman need be afraid—I have never
felt more at ease.

F. R. Quite right, my child. What complaint
have you to make? Has any injustice been done
to you?

P. I will tell you all, and that truly; for you
are the only one who can understand me, and
support my rights. My name is Ouida Bent
Douni; I am the daughter of Douni Ben, the
khal of the tribe of the Beni Todjar, and I have
to complain of my own father, who wants to
force me to marry his neighbor, Mammur Bel-
sanan, an ugly and infirm old man.

F. R. How came your father to entertain so
unfortunate an idea? Could he be seduced by
the dowry offered by Belsanan? Does he wish,
like so many others, to sacrifice his child for a
few crowns?

P. No; the dowry has nothing to do with this
affair. My father wishes to marry Belsanan's
daughter; and Belsanan refuses to yield her,
except on condition that I am given in exchange.
I have resisted this with all my strength; be-
cause the man to whom I am to be transferred
fills me with aversion. My refusal has brought
upon me my father's anger, with blows and bad
treatment of every description. They bound
me fast. Here; look at my arms still bruised
by the rope, which I broke—or rather which
(the plaintiff here falls into a most becoming
state of embarrassment)—which was broken for
me. For, without that aid, I know not what
would have become of me.

F. R. Let us see, my child; lay aside all bash-
fulness. It is desirable you should tell me what
that aid was, although I fancy I can guess it.
Since you seem to understand our nation so well,
you ought to know that a sincere attachment is
always respected and honored amongst us, and
that we despise only hypocrisy and falsehood.
Speak without hesitation. Tell me all you have
on your mind.

P. (With a burst of natural feeling.) Yes; I
will tell him. And why not? Ought I to con-
ceal anything from you? It was not I myself
who broke my bonds; I had not sufficient strength
for that. It was Habbib Ould Galb, a brave
horseman, and one of your Makrezin.

F. R. Whom you prefer to Belsanan, do you
not?

P. Yes; I love him. Why not avow it? What
harm is there in that? I had much rather die

at once, than belong to any other man than
him!

F. R. Good, very good, my child; your sin-
cerity and openness of heart do you the greatest
possible honor. I give you my word you shall
have satisfaction. But let me have a full and
clear explanation: did Ould Galb carry you
off?

P. Oh, I am not ashamed to tell you all. We
have loved each other for more than a year, ever
since Ben Tam's wedding, where he saw me
dance with the women of the tribe, and where
I witnessed his performance of the exercises
better than any other rider of all the assembled
grooms. Afterwards, being aware of my father's
violent temper, he often tried to persuade me to
elope with him. I always refused; but my pa-
tience was at last exhausted. On finding my-
self bound fast and beaten, I sent Bent Soudan,
our negro, to inform him; but I swear, by the
head of the prophet, that we came at once
straight to you.

F. R. I believe you. He accompanied you
hither. He is here, then?

P. Yes, certainly, he is here; but of course
he did not dare to present himself with me.

Orders are immediately given for the intro-
duction of Ould Galb, who does not keep the
court waiting long. He is a handsome young
man, with a countenance at once mild and en-
ergetic, and in complete and orderly horseman's
costume. A glance is sufficient to justify the
plaintiff in preferring him to the decrepit Bel-
sanan. His attitude betrays a certain degree
of uneasiness, but only from the fear lest his
wishes should be disappointed.

P. (To the cavalier.) Fear nothing. I have
told the Agha all; he knows everything.

Ould Galb. (Evidently moved at his ease.)
Glory to Allah! You were right to tell him;
for, as for me, I should have found some difficulty
in doing so.

F. R. Very well. I see I shall be able to
make short work of it. (To Ould Galb.)—Will
you marry this woman? (The young man shouts
the most decided "Yes!" that ever was heard
under like circumstances.) And you: will you
take this man for your husband? (Ouida emits
another "Yes!" not more pointedly affirmative,
but certainly shriller, than the former one.)

After your mutual consent, in the name of Allah,
who has inspired your love, I declare you man
and wife. (To the kadi.)—Draw up the act of
marriage immediately.

The Kadi. (A little out of countenance.) But,
Sidi, Sidi Krelli, in the chapter on the union of
the sexes—

F. R. My friend, I know very well what Sidi
Krelli says. He would direct me to restore the
daughter to her father, and, in spite of her re-
pugnance and her protestations, would make her
marry a man whom she detests, and who is old
enough to be her grandfather. But, then, you
easily foresee what would happen if I were mad
enough to follow his rules. Either Belsanan
would murder this poor girl, or else she would
elope with the man whom she loves, thereby
causing a great public scandal. Is not the di-
lemma plain to you all? (Here a slight murmur
of assent arises in the assembly, piercing the
thick strata of prejudice which envelope it.)—
Now, since by obeying the law you want to re-
vive, I cause an evil or a crime; and since by
violating its directions I produce nothing but
good, is it not better to take the latter alterna-
tive?

The Kadi. But it is nevertheless written in
the commentaries of Sidi El Khalal, that—

F. R. Your Sidi El Khalal tells us no more about
the matter than Sidi Krelli. Those who make
laws, and those who write commentaries on
them, can say but one and the same thing;
namely, that they must be obeyed. But when a
law is not in harmony with the human heart, it
is constantly violated, however cruel may be the
penalties which enforce it. The law in ques-
tion has been absurdly enacted in flagrant viola-
tion of the human heart; and one of the two,
either the law or the human heart, must neces-
sarily sometimes give way. The law has yield-
ed in the present instance, and why? Because
the law is the work of man, while the human
heart is the work of Allah. But I fear you do
not comprehend this logic.

The Chiefs. (In chorus, nine-tenths of whom
fancy they are listening to a Chinese oration.)
What admirable words! It is the spirit of Al-
lah speaking by your mouth!

F. R. (To the kadi.) Well! Does your com-
mentary—

ment now permit you to draw up the act in
question?

The Kadi. (In a fit of common sense, which
now and then seizes him.) By the justice of
Allah! With all my heart. It can do nothing
but good.

F. R. Note well, all you who hear me. I
wish the Arabs practiced less the crimes of
falsehood, theft, and murder, and more fre-
quently married the women they love.

The Chiefs. (In chorus, with a charming
smile, before which the last layer of prejudice
promises to vanish.) Sidi Boukari! I call that
speaking!

Ben Safi. Oh, certainly. You do quite right
in marrying this poor girl. I know her father,
who is an old curmudgeon that would skin his
own child alive for a dour.

F. R. I never had any doubts on that subject.
(To the kadi.)—Where is the act? There is
no need to mention any dowry for the father;
for if he should come to claim it, you will tell
him that the blows he gave his daughter will
be reckoned as a set-off against it.

The kadi draws up the act, with the usual
forms, gravity and spectacles. The precious
paper is then presented, by the French resident
himself, to the new-married couple, who, in
the eagerness to seize it, run a risk of tearing it
in pieces. Glories to Allah, cries of joy, and
innumerable benedictions, flow from their
mouths. They depart at last, after two or three
times mistaking their way out, in their delirium
of happiness. The assembly, involuntarily af-
fected by the scene, and unused to a sincere dis-
play of warm and natural sentiment, are dec-
idedly satisfied with this daring violation of the
law.

TRIAL BY BATTLE IN
ENGLAND.

Even within the lifetime of the present gen-
eration, Trial by Battle, as the legal mode of
testing a man's character or probity by fighting
was denominated, remained a portion of the
English law.

In the year 1218, Abraham Thornton, charged
with the murder of a young lady named Mary
Ashford, astonished everybody, and somewhat
puzzled his judges, by refusing to submit his
case to be tried by a jury, and by availing him-
self of the long-since disused, and almost for-
gotten law which allowed him, instead, to sum-
mon his accuser to a wager of battle, or trial
by single combat. In vain was his right to do
so questioned by the adverse counsel, on the
plea that the law of trial by battle was obsolete,
not having been employed for some two cen-
turies. The Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough at
once decided that as the act had never been re-
pealed, it still formed part of the law of the
land. So, Thornton being a powerful, athletic
fellow, and his accuser—who was, by-the-by,
the brother of the murdered girl—a weak strip-
pling, not more than twenty years of age, the
latter declined the proffered combat, and the
suspected murderer was set at liberty; a result
which, judging from the reported circumstances
of the case, and the evidence against him,
would hardly have been probable but for his
opportune digging up of this long-forgotten law.

The unexpected termination of this trial led
to the bringing into Parliament the following
year, of a bill, "to abolish all appeals of mur-
der, treason, felony, or other offences, and wa-
ger of battle, or joining issue, and trial by battle,
in writs of right."

The wager of battle, like the ordeals of fire,
water, touching the murdered body, and other
extraordinary and now obsolete modes of find-
ing out the better or worse man, of course ori-
ginated in the superstitious belief that Provi-
dence would in all cases give the victory to him
who had the right upon his side; yet, in spite of
this belief, we find some rather singular regula-
tions provided against the battle going too obvi-
ously wrong. Such, for instance, as that a
party detected in the very commission of the
act alleged against him, or under circumstances
that left no possible doubt of his guilt, could not
claim the right of trial by combat. It would
have been so very awkward if he had been vic-
tor after all.

One important difference, however, existed
in the conduct of the civil and criminal cases—
In criminal matters, the accuser and accused

met on the field and fought it out in person; in
civil suits the parties fought by proxy. Each
employed a sort of physical force barrister.—
The reason for this, as given by Judge Black-
stone, is, that if any party to the suit dies, the
suit must abate, and be at an end for the pre-
sent; and, therefore, no judgment could be given
for the lands in question, if either of the parties
were slain in battle. Another reason was, that
no person should be allowed to claim exemption
from this mode of trial in a civil action, while
there were many circumstances under which the
accused party in a criminal charge was deprived
of his choice of trial, and compelled to submit
the inquiry to a jury. The fact of the accuser
being a female, or under age, or above the age
of sixty, or in holy orders, or a peer of the
realm, or any one expressly privileged from the
trial by battle, by some charter of the king (as
were the citizens of London among others), or
laboring under some material personal defect,
as blindness or loss of a limb; any of these
were sufficient ground for refusing the wager
of battle.

A brief account of the solemnities observed
on the occasion of judicial duels may prove in-
teresting. In a civil trial of a writ of right—by
which it was sought to obtain possession of
lands or tenements, in the occupation of another
—the tenant pleaded the general issue, that is
to say, that he had more right to hold than the
demandant had to recover, and offered to prove
it by the body of his champion. This offer was
accepted, the champion was produced, who,
throwing down his glove as a gage or pledge,
waged or stipulated battle, with the champion o-
pposing party. The latter accepted the chal-
lenge by picking up the glove.

A piece of ground, sixty feet square, was set
out, enclosed with lists, with seats erected for
the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas; who
presided at these trials in their full scarlet
robes, and a bar was prepared for the learned
sergeants-at-law. As soon as the Court had as-
sembled, at sun-rising, proclamation was made
for the parties and their champions. These
were introduced by two knights, and dressed in
coats of armor, with red sandals, bare-legged
from the knee downwards, bare-headed, and
with bare arms to the elbows. The weapons
they were furnished with, though formidable
were not deadly. Indeed a fatal termination to
these civil combats was rarely if ever known.
They were armed only with batons, or staves of
an ell long, and each carried a four-cornered
leathern shield.

On their arrival in the lists, the champion of
the tenant took his adversary by the hand, and
made oath that the tenements in dispute were
not the property of the demandant, the cham-
pion of the claimant in precisely the same form,
swore in answer that they were. Next, both
champions took an oath that they had not made
use of any sorcery or enchantment to assist
them in the fight. The usual form of this was
as follows:—"Hear this, ye justices, that I have
this day neither eat nor drank, nor have upon
me neither bones, stones, nor grass; nor any en-
chantment, sorcery nor witchcraft, whereby
the law of God may be abused, or the law of the
devil may be exalted. So help me God and his
Saints."

Then the fight commenced, and they were
bound to fight the whole day through, until the
stars appeared, or until one was beaten. If the
victory could be achieved either by the death of
a champion (a very rare occurrence), or by
either proving recreant, that is by yielding, and
pronouncing the horrible word *Craven*, a word
of no absolute meaning, "but," says Black-
stone, "a horrible word indeed to the vanquished
champion, since as a punishment to him for for-
feiting the lands of his principal by pronouncing
that shameful word, he is deemed as a recreant
amitter liberam legem, that is to become infam-
ous, being supposed by the event to be fore-
sworn, and therefore, never to be put upon a
jury or admitted as a witness in any cause."

The proceedings in criminal cases were very
similar to the above, only the oaths of the two
combatants were much more striking and so-
lemn. Blackstone gives the following as the
form; the accused party holding the Bible in his
right hand, and his antagonist's hand in the
other, said:—

"Hear this, oh man! whom I hold by the
hand, who callest thyself John by the name of
baptism, that I, who call myself Thomas by the
name of baptism, did not feloniously murder thy
father, William by name, nor am any way guilty of
the said felony, so help me God and the Saints,
and this I will defend against thee by my body as
this court shall award."

The accuser answered in the same form, mak-
ing oath to his antagonist that he was perjured,
which he will defend with his body, &c., as be-
fore. The same weapons were employed, and
the same oaths, against amulets and sorcery as
in the civil combat. If the accused party yield-
ed, he was ordered to be hanged immediately;
but, if he could vanquish his opponent, or main-
tain his ground from sunrise to starlight, he was
acquitted. The same penalties of infamy and
loss of citizenship awaited the accuser if he
yielded, as fell to the lot of the recreant cham-
pion; in addition to which, the victor could re-
cover damages for the false accusation.

Such were the laws which regulated the old
institution of the wager of battle. But all these
things have passed away, and it is left now for
poor unlettered roughs assembled at street cor-
ners, or disputing in their tap-rooms, and for
duellists, to fight by way of proving the best
man. Yet not entirely so, either. When a de-
spotic sovereign beat on self-aggrandisement lays
claim to territories not his own; when other
nations interfere, and tell him he has no right to
back his claims, and when at last the question
is put to the dread arbitrament of war—what
is this after all, but a gigantic fight to prove
which is the better man?

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.—William Lyon, a
strolling player, performed in the year 1648, at
Edinburgh, and was a most excellent representa-
tive of Gibby in the Wonder; this man was him-
self a wonder, remarkable for strength of me-
mory, of which he gave the following surprising
instance. One evening, he wagered a crown
bowl of punch, that next morning, at the re-
hearsal, he would repeat a *Daily Advertiser* from
beginning to end. At the rehearsal, his opponent
reminded him of his wager, imagining that he
certainly must have forgot it. Lyon very coolly
produced the paper, handed it to his adversary,
and, notwithstanding the little connection be-
tween the paragraphs, the variety of advertise-
ments, and the general chaos, repeated it

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

The children of *hate* and *wrath*, should naturally be something terrible.

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